
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

OCTOBER, 1820.

MADAME VESTRIS.

THE maiden name of Madame Vestris was Bartolozzi; she is the grand-daughter of that eminent engraver, to whose fame no praise of ours could add any thing, and whom death has long since removed from a scene where commendation could be of any benefit, or censure of any injury.

Madame Vestris was born in London, in the year 1797. Of her earliest years, we know little more than that they were past as those of other young ladies; she discovered, however, a marked predilection for music, particularly vocal music, and fortunately, she possessed in her mother a teacher capable of giving her the best instructions. It has been said of persons, especially of females, who are passionately fond of music, that they contract early attachments and early marriages; it would not, perhaps, be difficult to assign a reason: but be that as it may, Madame V. in her sixteenth year, married into the family of Vestris, a name of great celebrity in the gay but frivolous amusement of dancing. Little reason had she at that time to suppose that she should be obliged to derive from her talents the means of support, but she still contrived to cultivate her musical powers; a fortunate perseverance, for about three years after her marriage, she found it necessary to accept an engagement at the Opera-house. She made her first appear-

ance in the character of Proserpina in the "*Rapto di Proserpina*," in July, 1816. She continued there the remainder of that season, and the whole of the next, but at the close of the year 1817, she went to Paris, and was engaged for nearly a twelvemonth at the Theatre Favart, then under the direction of Catalani. From Paris she proceeded to Italy, where she improved herself under the best masters; and at the end of 1818 returned to Paris, from whence, after remaining half a year, she came over to London. In the spring of the present year, she was engaged at Drury-lane, but it was not till she performed at this theatre that the extent and versatility of her talents were properly appreciated, and no little merit is due to Mr. Elliston, the liberal proprietor, to Mr. Russell, the judicious and active manager, and to one other person, for the confidence they inspired into her. She has appeared in Lilla, in Adela, in Artaxerxes, in Dolly Snip, and in Don Giovanni, characters, it must be confessed, of a very dissimilar kind, and requiring very considerable talents, both in singing and acting, to crowded houses nightly. Her voice is of great compass and volume, and of much sweetness and strength, able to express the strongest as well as the softest passion, and equally capable of swelling to the lofty tone of command, of sinking to the most plaintive note of pity, or the most melting cadence of love; yet it is not confined to serious subjects; in Lilla, and characters of that stamp, she equals Storace in ease, and exceeds her in grace and beauty; she has all her playfulness without her coarseness, and all her freedom without her overweening confidence. Artaxerxes is a part of a very different kind; but her manner of singing the beautiful air, "*In Infancy*," will not easily be forgotten by those who have any "*music in their souls*." Her figure is slight, but extremely well proportioned; her face, particularly her eyes, beautiful and expressive; while her disposition, as her countenance shews, is extremely amiable.

PRIZE ESSAY.

TO PROVE BY ARGUMENT AND EXAMPLE WHETHER THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN ON SOCIETY HAS BEEN MOST INJURIOUS OR MOST BENEFICIAL TO ITS INTERESTS.

WHETHER the influence of women has been most injurious or most beneficial to the interests of society, is a question which embraces a very wide field of contemplation, especially if we were to enter on the differences arising from local circumstances. To keep within the limits of an essay, we must consider them in the aggregate, for after all, however man may differ from the latitude in which he has been placed, still, like colour, which though capable of every variety of hue, may always be traced back to its primary one, he exhibits under every circumstance points of character indigenous to the whole species.

The influence of women on society, must naturally be great from the very powerful nature of the ties by which they stand connected to it; and were we to allow to the extent in which, perhaps, we might, that education begins, and character takes its bias with, the very dawn of perception, we must be forced to acknowledge it irresistable. It has been a remark, (whether founded on truth and reason, let others determine) that no man, unless utterly depraved, ever reverts to his mother without feeling the better part of his nature awakened. Instances, no doubt, may be found in contradiction of this assertion, but they are as rare in their occurrence, as the case is singular in its atrocity: nor is this surprising when we consider that the maternal character naturally draws forth all the virtues of the heart, and calls into action all the powers of the mind; there is no link in the whole chain of human affections more powerful or more lasting than that which subsists between the mother and the child; it is, in fact, an instinct, dignified by reason, and heightened and animated by the passions and feelings—a new channel of self love, which, like its parent stream, refines and fertilizes as it flows. Hence may be

drawn an argument in favour of the beneficial influence of woman, and at the same time a most powerful one for advancing her in the scale of intellectual existence, in order to render that influence more permanent and extensive.

The first school of the philosopher, the statesman, citizen, or soldier, is the nursery; and, lightly as it may be thought of, a most important one it is. Disposition and temper constitute a large portion of the happiness or misery of life, and it is here that they are first perverted or improved; many an action, could it be analyzed, might be carried back to early impressions and examples, for the characters which have been traced on the first pages of childhood are indelible. However the mind may be disciplined in after years, nay absolutely habituated to a proscribed line of conduct, it is always liable to revert to its early nature on the slightest impetus being given to it; as on hearing the first notes of a long-forgotten tune, we instantly recollect the remainder of the strain. It certainly will not be denied that the middle class of society has sent more dignitaries to the temples of Fame and Science than any other; may not this, in a great measure, be attributed to the influence of the maternal and feminine virtues? In this class, which has justly been regarded by the wisest and the best, as the happiest state of life, a state most amicable to mental and moral improvement, the refinements of civilization exist without their depravity, and the female character receives the adornment of elegant accomplishments, and the polish of society, without sacrificing herself at the shrine of dissipation. Here the wife and mother does not regard attention to her children and domestic duties as any compromise of her dignity or her elegance; while the offspring of the higher orders, are almost invariably left to the care of domestics, from whom they imbibe the germs of future character, and are sent into the world with hearts unawakened to the sweetest sympathies of nature, with minds undisciplined by education, and unprepared by precept, to guard against the pernicious lessons of example—that book which all can read, but whose pages contain more instances “to deter than to imitate.”

Yet important as it is in this view, if in no other, that the female mind should be cultivated, a vulgar prejudice exists against it, which, though in some measure dissipated of

late years, is very far from being generally removed. Because some have exchanged the frivolity of fashion for the pedantry of knowledge, and adopted the form, but not imbibed the spirit, an argument has been adduced fatal to the education of the sex; intellectual cultivation has been thought to interfere with the mystery of puddings and pies, and the arrangements of the boudoir with those of the nursery; but though "a learned woman may frequently neglect her family, a sensible one very seldom will;" the aim, therefore, of all education should chiefly be directed to the formation of the latter, for that learning stands on a poor basis, which has not sense for its foundation; and though some may have abused the advantages they have received, yet there are few who cannot retort upon the opponents of female improvement, the lamentable deficiencies of men of profound erudition and unclouded genius, and cite their faults to invalidate any argument in favour of knowledge, while they plead their example as an extenuation of their own errors; but precedent is a poor palliation, as there is scarcely any thing for which one may not be drawn, and that even from the most sacred sources; and those whom knowledge has not made virtuous, the want of it had, perhaps, left infamous. Independant, however, of other advantages, it may confidently be asserted that even the pleasures of life will be more rational, and more innocent, as mental improvement becomes more general. The sexes mutually influence each other; and in nothing does the principle of re-action exist with greater force. Did men admire beauty less, women would be less solicitous about it, and the graces of the person would not be cultivated at the expence of those of the mind. But literary ladies are looked upon, by the majority of the other sex, with an eye of jealousy, as usurpers and intruders upon those privileges, which, with a spirit of feudalism, they have appropriated to themselves. They seem to fear the assumption of superiority and monopoly of dominion, to which they are very unwilling to submit, however ready to exercise; but they have in reality much more to fear from the illiterate than from the well-informed, who desire not that dominion over another which they would avoid submitting to themselves, nor descend to the low arts of cunning by which weaker minds establish their power; for in the ma-

majority of cases, folly, the offspring of ignorance, will be found to be the parent of vice, from the daring ruffian who assails another's life, to the petty tormentor of the social circle.

The union of the sexes is the bond of society, and on the condition of that union depends its happiness and respectability. They know little of human nature who would prefer the exercise of force, in any relations of life, to the persuasive arguments of gentleness; the extorted tribute is ever paid with reluctance and disgust; and it is repugnant to our nature to be pleased even by compulsion, while we cheerfully yield our souls to that fascination which steals on us unperceived, which we have leisure to examine unrestrained, and to which we submit, from the conviction of reason or the caprice of fancy, uncompelled by arbitrary dictates. The sun made the traveller immediately part with his cloak, while all the violence of the wind induced him only to wrap it more closely around him. This is a long digression, but one, it is hoped, that may be forgiven, as it is in a great degree relevant to the present question.

But to quit the threshold of existence, and enter at once on its more busy scenes: wherever we turn ourselves, we find the influence of women perpetual and predominant; without her pleasure has no view, and ambition no aim. To judge how far her influence is beneficial and necessary, we have only to conceive the world deprived of her: man would want at once a stimulant and a softener; for her worst enemy will concede, that it is woman almost exclusively who refines and humanizes society. Compassion, tenderness, and charity, are her peculiar characteristics, and rare, indeed, are the instances where the female heart, even when it has been vitiated by luxury and dissipation, corroded by distress or corrupted by sin, is insensible to the appeal of wretchedness. It is too true she is often the herald of vice, but more frequently the harbinger of virtue: if sometimes, like Aspasia, she sparkles in the brilliancy of wit and beauty only to give a zest to dissipation, and a seductive and dangerous veil to depravity, how much more commonly, like the mother of the Gracchi, and the wife of Cato, she gives lustre to the humblest duties of life. It would be easy to detail examples from history of the happy influence of the sex on society, but particular cases seldom serve a general argu-

ment; and it is rather in the constituents of her natural character, and in the economy of her education and habits, that we are best enabled to judge of the nature of her influence.

The grand interests of society are confessedly these—religion, morality, temporal prosperity, and rational pleasure. In the first, she has always stood preeminently distinguished; nothing is more rare than female apostacy,—

“ Not she with traitorous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave!” BARRETT.

On morality, her chaste and restrained education, the rules that custom confine her to—as well as the tender duties of wife, mother, sister, and friend, of which she is in the perpetual exercise, certainly give her a most powerful and beneficial influence; a truth which almost every individual is capable of attesting.

How far the prosperity of society, political and commercial, depends upon her, interwoven as she is with the whole system of the world, it would not be difficult to determine; and surely even stoics will allow, that pleasure, whether in the fireside circle of home, or in the brilliant round of public amusement, catches all its lustre and refinement from her presence. Of this vale of sorrow she is the rainbow, which turns even its tears to beauty; she covers the thorns of life with flowers, which though sometimes specious are always lovely; her soothing voice, supporting arm, and sympathising heart, are never wanting at the bed of sickness or of death; and as an individual sufferer she is proverbially patient; time invades her charms, but encreases her usefulness; the blossoms fall only to give place to the fruit.

On an impartial review, therefore, and under every consideration, it appears evident, that whatever may be the faults of women, their virtues will be found to turn the balance; consequently their influence on society must always have been beneficial to its interests, and it is equally certain that it must continue to be so, and that according to the cultivation of their intellect, the force of those virtues will be felt and increased. Knowledge is a corrective of the bad

passions, and the great support of the good ; for by giving the understanding employment, it leaves neither time nor inlet to evil, while the more the sphere of action is confined, the more liable will be the mind to the taint of the meaner vices ; hence the deficiency of physical strength which places woman in the narrow circle of domestic duties, or the affluence which raises her above them, equally demands the exertion of mental energy, to prevent that vacuity of mind or perversion of sensibility, which trifling occupations, or the want of employment, alone occasion.

July 18th, 1820.

M. L. R.

MARSHAL KEITH.

WHEN the Turks had invaded the Ukraine on the side of Russia, that empire sent two numerous armies to repel the invaders. The one commanded by Count Lascei, an Irishman, broke through the Turkish intrenchments, and ravaged Crimean Tartary with fire and sword. The other army, under the command of Count Munich, was destined for the destruction of Oczakow. In this army, Mr. Keith, then a lieutenant, but afterwards governor of Berlin, and field marshal of the Russian forces, served ; and by his valour and skill at the head of eight thousand men, contributed most materially to the taking of the place. In storming this city, Lieutenant Keith gave such instances of tenderness and humanity, as diffused additional lustre round his military glory, for while the furious Moscovites were sanguine in their revenge, he checked their ferocity, and exhorted them to spare the lives of their enemies. Among others, he rescued a child of six years of age from the hands of a Cossack, who had already raised his scymitar to cut off her head, as she was struggling to extricate herself out of some rubbish in which she had been entangled. The father of the child was a Turkish grandee of some eminence ; but being now left an orphan, Mr. Keith took her under his protection, educated her in the most liberal manner, and treated her as if she had been his own daughter. When she grew up, he gave her the charge of his house, where she did the honours of the table, and proved herself worthy of the kindness she experienced.

MARRIAGE;

A TALE.

Oh! how the passions, insolent and strong,
Bear our weak minds their rapid course along;
Make us the madness of their will obey;
Then die, and leave us to our griefs a prey!

CHABRE.

FROM this period, day after day served only to increase his passions and strengthen his delusion; he felt only to exist for Lady Desmond, and as if in her presence only he could even endure life. He was now completely wretched; honour, virtue, and conscience pleaded powerfully against his infatuation, but they could not conquer it; and in addition to this source of misery, he had again indulged in his destructive fondness for play, and while his solicitor was anxiously endeavouring to liquidate his former debts, he was incurring still heavier ones. This tormenting reflection, however, was relief to his other sufferings, and at last he seriously determined to quit at once the double scene of temptation. "Yes," said he, "I will fly while yet I am innocent of offence! I will hasten to bury my sorrows in the active performance of duties, which, however painful, I will conscientiously fulfil, and thus banish an idea, that must otherwise continually torment me." The discharge of his debts was not quite so easy a task as that which he prescribed to himself, but this difficulty he resolved to obviate by application to a noted money-lender, and accordingly he waited upon Mr. Earnshaw to acquaint him with his determination of leaving town, but not finding him at home, he bent his steps towards Grosvenor-square, his heart exulting in the sacrifice he was about to make to principle.

Sir William and a few morning visitors were in the boudoir of her ladyship; De Courcy, with a firm voice, announced his intended departure on the following morning, and by his light and unconcerned manner, sought to conceal what was passing in reality in his mind; but, as he uttered his inten-

tion, he could not forbear stealing a look at her ladyship, and the sudden start, the pallid cheek, and quivering lip, which instantly followed his words, gave a throb of anguish to his bosom which was almost insupportable, though he still succeeded in preserving apparent gaiety. He had not, however, the courage or resolution to take his leave, but though dreading the consequences of an uninterrupted interview, he remained till the company were gone. A mutual embarrassment was visible in both, and silence for some minutes was unbroken; at length, after a strong effort for composure, De Courcy made some common observation, which, however, passed unheeded by her ladyship in any other way than recalling her own powers of speech.

"You leave us then, De Courcy," said she, mournfully, hastily raising her eyes, and as quickly withdrawing them, with an expression of sorrow and tenderness which thrilled to his heart.

"I do," said he, in a voice scarcely audible, and taking her passive hand, while he bent over it to conceal his emotion, he added, "it is impossible to stay here any longer." "And—why?" hastily she would have asked, but too well aware of the cause, she checked herself, and bursting into an agonizing shower of tears, she exclaimed, "You are right; alas! deception is no longer possible; we are unfortunate, but not guilty. Oh! why did we ever meet? but go, De Courcy, leave me to wretchedness; go to a home blessed with the purest happiness, to the woman of your choice, in whose amiable society you must learn to forget the illfated Georgiana, who must pine in the blaze of splendour which has no charms for her, and be compelled to endure the presence of a man who never did, nor ever can possess her affection. You will soon again be happy, you will soon cease to remember me——" "Never, never!" cried De Courcy, "my wretchedness is equal to your own. Oh! could you behold the agonies that rend my bosom, the violence which I do myself in tearing myself from you, you would know happiness to be impossible, and would pity me. I love my Agnes, heaven knows how purely! nor could I endure to part from her; but," continued he, passionately, and clasping her in his embrace, "I adore you, Georgiana! you, you only reign in this miserable breast, and the remembrance of you

can expire only with my life. Speak then," said he, more ardently pressing her to his bosom, "at least comfort my heart by one kind assurance, oh! say that you will love the wretched De Courcy." "Too well for my peace," murmured Lady Desmond, hiding her face from his view; then suddenly resuming a dignified and even composed air, "but, De Courcy, my heart harbours no thought inimical to virtue, to Agnes, or to Desmond. I loved him not, and my peace has innocently fallen a sacrifice to the superior qualifications of the only man I could ever have admired. Your Agnes shall share my prayers; and though I may weep over the misery of my own lot and envy the bliss of her's, I will never disturb its serenity."

"Matchless woman!" cried De Courcy, "cease, I implore you, and add not to my admiration only to increase the bitterness of my regret; behold my sufferings when I part with you only in idea," said he, starting up; "ah! what will they be when that angelic form no longer blesses my sight!" "But need you go so soon?" timidly, but eagerly enquired Lady Desmond; "De Courcy, do we not now understand each other? Agnes's peace is my safeguard, Desmond's honour your's. A separation must come, but need we hasten the moment, that moment the last of bliss to both?" De Courcy foresaw the danger that menaced him, but he caught at once the idea. "Oh! surely not," he returned; "no, Georgiana! not till necessity compel me will I tear myself from you, and thus," continued he, "approaching her, and taking her hand, "thus on the altar of departed bliss, but of purest honour, I consecrate this wretched heart to thee." "And in like purity I receive it," said her ladyship, "and call on Agnes to witness the sincerity of the contract."

Let the woman who reads this tale tremble. It is not the tongue of the seducer, nor the force of vicious inclinations, that draws her aside from the path of duty, but it is confidence in her own strength, which joined to the delusions of sentiment and the want of principle. that destroys her. Let her then fly the first breath of proscribed passion; in vain may sophistry gloss over every equivocal appearance, and employ her most specious arguments, in vain may she plead innocence of intention and extenuating circumstances, or unlooked-for consequences, the first sigh of unhallowed affection

is guilt, and she who listens to the *declaration* only of love from one whom God and her country have separated from her, can escape destruction but by the interposition of Providence itself.

Lulled into false security, De Courcy once more banished all remorseful feelings, and was again the envied, the gay, and fascinating being of his happiest days. A short time had elapsed after this interview, when Mr. Earnshaw informed him, that every arrangement was made for the settlement of his affairs, and that, but for a few minutes' attendance at his chambers, his further stay was now unnecessary; but this intelligence was received without any satisfaction, for he was as unwilling to avail himself of the permission given him as conscious that he was now involved beyond the power of friendship to extricate him; and when at last, after various delays, he departed from town, it was not before he had trampled upon every tie of honour, morality, and religion.

As he drew near his home, a thousand apprehensions assailed him; the remembrance of the former scene which awaited him rushed on his fancy, while the consciousness of guilt, and of the deep manner in which he had injured his gentle Agnes, tore his bosom with conflicting passions. "I am a sinner," he exclaimed, suddenly starting from a deep reverie, in which he had been for some time plunged, "without the satisfaction of sin. I am for ever haunted by remorseful feelings which goad me unceasingly, even the cup of pleasure itself is embittered with the dregs of present repentance. Would I were the uncorruptible votary of virtue, or for ever the confirmed slave of vice; this state of indcision is intolerable; no, De Courcy, resolve to reform at once, or be a villain for ever."

At this moment Westbrook broke upon his view, and almost immediately after, he recognized the slight figure of Agnes at one of the windows apparently watching his approach. His heart beat tumultuously; did happiness or misery await him? There was no time for reply, the joyous voices of the lovely group before him saluted his ears, and De Courcy found no uneasiness but such as his own bosom harboured. Agnes received him with the fondest delight, and his boys loaded him with caresses; every face wore a smile;

nd even nature itself seemed to welcome his return; his avourite shrubs bloomed with increased luxuriance, and as his eyes glanced over the delightful prospect that presented itself from without, and the unspotted cleanliness and simple elegance of every thing within, so unlike all he had just quitted, and his senses were regaled with the freshness of the morning breeze which breathing over the aromatic plants that were the object of Agnes' peculiar care, was scented with the most odoriferous perfume, he felt transported into another region, and appeared to inhale with every breath reviving virtue and peace.

"Agnes," said he, as, gently approaching her, he fastened an elegant chain, to which was suspended a gold heart enclosing the hair of her children and himself set in the most costly manner, round her ivory neck, "does this please you?" "Please me!" said the delighted Agnes, "how can it do otherwise?" but observing the expensive workmanship which adorned it, she rather gravely added, "but surely it is too good; it has I fear cost more than you could afford. Oh! my De Courcy, in restoring yourself to me, I did not require his beautiful trinket to make me happier; but," continued she more gaily, and pressing his hand with the locket to her lips, "it is my husband's gift, and though it is his own heart that I prize, I will treasure this as a pledge (though an extravagant one) of his love." "Oh! torture unutterable!" thought De Courcy, "what can equal this? The voice of reproof, or of the severest condemnation, is harmony, nay bliss itself, to that of confiding but injured confidence. I can bear all but these smiles, all but these expressions of affection; scorn itself would be endurable, but these are daggers to my heart."

He had not been long at home, however, ere he appeared a very different character; he was unusually gay, but his gaiety was forced; he was active to a degree, but his activity was only a violent attempt to banish thought; sometimes he followed his favourite pursuits with an earnestness which admitted of no relaxation, while at others, he would consume whole days in mere listlessness. He was more than ever kind and attentive to Agnes; he watched her every look, and anticipated her every wish, he loaded her with presents in spite of her gentle remonstrances, and was still more ex-

travagantly fond of his children; but the eye of an attentive observer would easily have discovered that all was not right; De Courcy felt that he had injured them, and by such hollow proofs of love he sought to allay the reproaches of his conscience; and thus when most he suffered himself to dwell on the image of Lady Desmond, he lavished on them the appearance of affection, and endeavoured at once to delude himself and others. His unhappy passion tormented him beyond expression, while the repeated letters he received upon the subject of his pecuniary embarrassments kept him in a state of complete wretchedness: many times did he wish he could resign his miserable existence absolved by the pardon of Agnes, and as often execrate his own weakness which had alone reduced him to his present situation; but still he made no effectual effort against his guilty infatuation, and knowing at length that Sir William and his family were again in town, he resolved upon once more beholding the destroyer of his peace, and accordingly intimated his intended journey to his lovely and unprepared wife.

(*To be continued.*)

CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW.

DURING the conflagration of Moscow, a French family, consisting of a father, mother, and five children, were obliged to quit the smoking ruins of their habitation. They got outside the ruins, and protected themselves from the inclemency of the weather in the best manner they could. A party of Cossacks passing, killed the father. The mother died next day from grief, and the inclemency of the weather. A Russian courier going to St. Petersburg hearing that five children lay perishing with cold and hunger on the road, humanely took them into his travelling vehicle, and conveyed them safely to St. Petersburg. Here the poor fellow exhibited them in the market place, telling every one their lamentable story, and begging for a father and mother to them. At length a French merchant came; took them home, supplied them with every comfort, and finally restored them to their friends in France.

MARIA;

A TALE.

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No fiction this: its truth too well I know,  
And mourn the error which produced such woe.

SARGANT.

TOWARDS the middle of last month, an affair of some consequence having called me into the west of England, I was compelled, by a trifling accident which occurred to my carriage, to remain for a night at the little village of D. when, like many others in a similar situation, to avoid the tedium of an unoccupied hour, I strayed into the churchyard. I had been travelling all day, and I believe my spirits were a little worn by the fatigue of my journey; at all events, I found myself in a very sombre mood, and felt the time and scene exactly in unison with my frame of mind. No admirer of nature can have neglected to remark the singular beauty of a September evening about the time of the full of the harvest moon, but the one I allude to was unusually lovely; the air was perfectly calm, and interrupted only by an occasional gentle swell, which agitating the falling leaves, or sighing with faint moan in the variegated boughs, awoke a thrill of melancholy at once pleasing and painful; while that peculiar scent which marks the decaying year, and which is rivalled only in sweetness by that which the young leaves emit in the early months of spring, regaled my senses, and recalled to my recollection many a past scene and many a past delight, now gone for ever—a grateful gloom shadowed the surrounding objects, till at last the moon rising in majestic splendour behind the church, threw around that mellow light which neither pen can describe nor pencil copy, silvering the bright boughs with her beams, and displaying in the distant view the calm surface of the ocean.

Whilst I stood contemplating the beauty of the scene before me, I was surprised at seeing the melancholy procession of a funeral issue from the church, and remarked with interest that the sable of the mourners was mingled with white; a turn which they were obliged to make displayed



to my view the coffin of an infant borne by an attendant behind the principal one. My curiosity was raised, and I followed the path they had taken towards the grave; when the moon shining directly on the spot, afforded me an exact view of the group. On the very verge stood the youthful and widowed husband; with an eagerness which baffles description, and with a glance which seemed as if he would pierce the confines that separated him from the objects of his dearest hopes for ever, he remained bending over it; no tear relieved his overcharged breast, and every consideration seemed to be engrossed by his anxiety to retain a sight of the coffin; but when the heart-rending words, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes," were uttered, and the dreadful sound which followed the accompanying action struck his ear, I saw him start back with a convulsive shudder, then casting for an instant a wild look of agony towards heaven, he the next buried his face in his hands, and stood absorbed in all the bitterness of misery. My own grief was light, and easily found vent in tears, for when the heart is not pierced with the arrow of woe itself, its sluices are quickly opened, and sensibility, borrowing the garb of sorrow, finds luxury in the indulgence of her emotions.

Upon recovering my composure, I again looked up, and my eyes encountered the venerable form of the clergyman who was performing the last sad rites of humanity; the snow of more than seventy years had silvered his brow, but his form was still erect and commanding; his cheek was almost as pale as the sacred garb which covered him, and the big tears slowly trickled down its furrows; but his countenance wore a look of such saintlike meekness, submission, and unfeigned piety, that my attention was at once rivetted and my heart impressed with awe and respect. The contrast between the living and the dead was too forcible not to strike my imagination. "How inscrutable," thought I, "are the dispensations of Providence! already thou seemest near thy haven of repose, and only waitest the glad summons to call thy spirit to that heaven to which thou already appearest to belong; while life with these had only just begun to open, and hope might rationally have promised many years to come of comfort and happiness; thou wouldst have fallen like the ripe fruit of autumn, rich



and luxuriant, which though severed from its stem with partial regret, is remembered only with gratitude; but these, withered in their bloom, like the first blossoms of the year, must ever leave on the mind a sorrowful impression which a future and eternal spring alone can obliterate. Ah! what would be the wretchedness of man if revelation had not lent its blessed ray to cheer his path on earth and guide his steps to heaven!"

The melancholy service was now concluded, but I still lingered near the spot; at length I was preparing slowly to retire, when I was unexpectedly accosted by the venerable being who had so struck my fancy, and who had joined me almost before I was aware of his approach. "You are a stranger," said he, "and seem interested by the mournful spectacle you have just witnessed; nature pleads powerfully in the breast of all her children, and levelling every distinction of consanguinity or acquaintance, delights to teach proud man that all are brethren who wear a kindred form. What, however, must be the feelings of those who were connected with these lost objects of affection!"

"You knew the unfortunate lady then?" said I.

"From a child," he returned: "ah! little did I think when these then aged arms received her at the sacred fount of yon church, I should have been called upon to receive her for the last time into its holy bosom. Alas! the heavy penalty of man's transgression is seldom lovely, but when youth and beauty become its victims, bitter indeed is the forfeit; but instruction breathes from the tomb, and from the errors of others learn to correct your own. Maria was the only child of her fond and indulgent parents; all that art could devise, or tenderness grant, were lavished upon her, and to uncommon loveliness of person she added every embellishment of education; but the method of her instruction never met with my approbation, and from my having been her father's tutor, I felt authorised in remonstrating against it, but in vain; I was told modern manners required the change I complained of, and that, though my ideas might be extremely correct, and would doubtless have been considered as such fifty years ago, they were now obsolete and impracticable. I was obliged to desist, but, sighing at the error, remained unconvinced of its necessity, and the beautiful blossom con-

tinued to be reared by modern horticulture. She could move with the grace of a sylph, or sketch with the spirit of a Guido, and when she sung, "she took the prison'd soul, and lapp'd it in Elysium." On the tablet of her mind were recorded the annals of every event; she could analyze every property of nature, and enumerate 'every herb that drinks the morning dew,' but she knew not how to extract individual improvement from the lettered page, nor read the Creator in his works; and thus while her mind was cultivated, her judgment was neglected, and while she learnt every form of religion, she was unacquainted with its essence. She was almost from an infant endowed with an excess of sensibility, which was calculated, in my mind, to create the most serious apprehensions, but in answer to all my fears and all my entreaties for a judicious suppression of it, I heard only instances of graceful sympathy, which were related with pride and remembered with rapture; thus she grew up all feeling, all sentiment, the delight of the casual observer, the terror of the considerate one. At the age of eighteen, death suddenly deprived her of her mother, whose loss called into action all the impetuous and unrestrained emotions of her soul; with terrifying violence she wept over the inanimate form of her deceased parent, and, immersed in the indulgence of her own woe, forgot the misery of the surviving one; with torturing minuteness, she would treasure up every remembrance of the past, and every memento of her calamity, and adjuring every former amusement, while her heart-stricken father sighed most for a comforter himself, he was compelled to exert to the utmost the energies of his own mind to support her whose extraordinary and versatile powers, if directed by reason, would have been an inexhaustible stock of consolation to them both. Her trials, however, had only commenced; a very few months after this, a fatal accident terminated the life of her only parent, and on an examination of his affairs, it became but too evident that the hapless Maria was equally destitute of fortune as of friends.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## THE CONFESSIONS OF A BENEDICT;

A TALE FOR MARRIED MEN.

*(Continued from page 133.)*

## CHAP III.

*"The first step in error."*

ELDERTON appeared highly gratified by my punctuality in keeping my appointment, and though I had cause to be offended with him for the liberty he had taken in raising a laugh at my expence, I did not think it prudent to expose myself to fresh sarcasm by appearing to resent it just then. He introduced me to his party, and we repaired to the theatre. Captain Montgomery, however, was not to be found; but Elderton so positively asserted that he had promised to meet us there, that I could not for a moment doubt his word. When the play was over, I was for taking leave; Elderton, however, suggested the probability of his being at the coffee-house, and prevailed on me to accompany him thither, where he called for a bottle of wine; this was succeeded by another; after which I found my spirits so much elevated, having seldom or ever indulged in any excess, that insensibly my desire to return home abated, and I joined in the noisy rattle of my companions with a proportionate share of glee. The sound of a clock striking one at length roused me; I recollected that Letitia was impatiently waiting my return, that I had greatly exceeded my usual hour of returning home, and I immediately rose to depart, but my head was giddy, and I found myself incapable of effecting my purpose. Elderton said he would procure a coach, and after being absent about a quarter of an hour, returned. "It rains fast," said he, "and there was not a coach upon the stand, but I was so fortunate as to meet with some friends who are going your way, and will set you down."

Elderton and I having settled for our share of the reckoning, took leave of the jovial crew, who had just called for more wine, and stepped into the coach, which was drawn up



to the door. By the light of the lamp, I perceived that the front seat was occupied by two ladies, to whom I endeavoured to apologize for my intrusion, and as one of them seemed to be extremely uneasy at being out so much later than she intended, I insisted upon their not putting themselves to any inconvenience upon my account. "By no mean," said Elderton, "so pray, Mrs. Belmont, let the coachman drive first to your house, and it will then be time enough for us to get home." Mrs. Belmont expressed herself in very polite terms, adding that she would, indeed, prefer doing so, as her niece felt indisposed, and she wished to get her home without delay.

This arrangement being determined on, the coachman was ordered to drive to Welbeck-street, but before we reached the place of our destination, the motion of the crazy vehicle had so completely disordered me that I became wholly insensible. When I recovered the use of my senses, which was not until an early hour in the morning, I was much surprised at finding myself in a strange bed, and for some time the confusions of my thoughts prevented me from knowing how to act; at length I ventured to ring the bell, which for a considerable time was unattended to. After a second and third peal, a dirty, drabbish servant made her appearance, of whom I impatiently enquired whose house I was in. "Law, sir," said the girl laughing in my face, *doesn't* you know?" "Indeed I do not," I replied, "but I am afraid I have occasioned a great deal of trouble and confusion; did Mr. Elderton leave me here?" "Oh! no, sir, he is now in the next room; he desired me to call him as soon as you *was* stirring." "But to whom does this house belong?" "To my mistress, sir, Mrs. Belmont."

A vague suspicion of something being wrong crossed my mind, and I anxiously awaited the appearance of Elderton, to obtain an explanation. He soon obeyed my summons, and, in answer to my enquiries, said, that, finding me in a state which he was certain would greatly alarm and distress my wife, he had prevailed on Mrs. Belmont, who was related to him, to let me remain in her house that night. She was kind enough," he added, "to offer me a bed also, which I accepted, as I thought you would feel uncomfortable when you found yourself among strangers; I understand, however,



she has been up almost the whole of the night with her niece, therefore we must not think of disturbing her with our acknowledgments, but defer that ceremony to a future opportunity ; so, if you please, we will depart immediately." " But, good God!" cried I, starting up, " what a night must my poor Letitia have passed! she will be distracted with apprehension." " Do not make yourself uneasy upon that account," said Elderton, " for, when I found it would not be prudent to take you home, I dispatched a messenger to her, begging her not to make herself uneasy, nor to alarm herself if you did not return, as Captain Montgomery had business with you which would detain you very late, and that you would probably remain at my house all night." " She would never credit such a fabrication," I exclaimed, rather indignantly, " it does not even wear the face of probability." " Pray do not put yourself in a passion," said Elderton, coolly, " I did not know you stood in such awe of your wife, or I would certainly have taken you home just as you were ; however, I did it for the best." " But this hospitality of your relation, Elderton," said I, fixing my eyes on him, " is rather suspicious." " Nonsense," said he, " you are so fastidious ; upon my soul, I believe it is half affectation ; however, be satisfied I have told you nothing but the truth ; if you knew the kind-hearted Mrs. Belmont, you would not wrong her by unworthy suspicions ; but I will introduce you at some future period ; indeed, you owe her some sort of apology." Not knowing what to think, I remained silent, and bent my steps homeward, with an aching head and heavy heart.

Letitia, always an early riser, was already up, and I could perceive that she had passed the night in tears ; her silence reproached me more than any severe expressions could have done, and I began to stammer out something like an apology. " It is the first time, Cyril," said she, looking at me with an earnest but dejected look, " may I venture to hope it will be the last?" " It was unpremeditated, I solemnly declare," said I, " and, as I know you did not give implicit credit to the message sent by Elderton, I will candidly acknowledge, that I was so much overcome as to be incapable of reaching home, neither could I endure the thought of appearing before you in such a degrading state." Letitia endeavoured

to force a smile. "These excesses," said she, "are so new to you, that you regard them with just abhorrence, but example soon overpowers reason, and you, like many others, may be drawn into practices which you would now shudder at the bare idea of." "You consider it too seriously," returned I, "you are surely not so romantic as to expect that Providence should bless you with a husband wholly faultless; but come, we must not quarrel about this folly; I know I have transgressed, and that your affection will be more ready in finding excuses for me than my ingenuity could help me to invent." The arrival of a letter from Miss Dalton at that moment gave a new turn to the conversation. Letitia extended her hand to me in token of reconciliation, and the painful topic was not again renewed.

(*To be continued.*)

### THE QUEEN'S CASE CONSIDERED.

"And thou too whose life a sick epicure's dream,  
 Incoherent and gross, even grosser had passed,  
 Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam  
 Which her virtue and wit o'er thy nothingness cast.  
 "No, not for the wealth of the land that supplies thee  
 With millions to heap upon foppery's shrine,  
 No, not for the riches of all who despise thee,  
 Tho' this would make Europe's whole opulence mine,  
 "Would I suffer what—e'en in the heart that *thou* hast,  
 All mean as it is—must have consciously burned."

*Moore's Elegy on the Death of Sheridan.*

At the most eventful periods of History there never was, I conceive, one which involved in itself such frightful consequences, or at the same time, any judicial proceeding which has been pursued on measures so entirely devoid of precedent and principle; the Ministry have attempted to raise a fabric on the foundation of—what? Perjury, and that of the vilest and most despicable kind, of relieved mendicants against their benefactress, of pardoned robbers, and of passers of forged notes; in short, of the dregs of mankind, drained from the sink of villany and dissipation, yet notwithstanding the specious veil, which concealed for a moment reality, the light

of truth broke through the "murky" atmosphere, and, dispelling the mists of prevarication, displayed the Queen arrayed in the bright robe of innocence.

The trial, or Bill, against Her Majesty is framed on what her adversaries choose to call fact. I deny this. It is instigated by the avarice, ambition, and ingratitude of a man, a disgrace to the name. I would ask the learned lawyers for the crown, if one jot of the Attorney General's assertions has been proved? Have the whole train of Italian witnesses adduced any fact which might be twisted or tortured into criminality? Have they even cast a credible imputation on Her Majesty's character? No; the poisonous blast of suborned wretches, like Signor Majochi and his associates, only tends to show the weakness and futile efforts of Ministers.

Much has been said respecting the publicity which Her Majesty encourages—the free intercourse and easy access which may be obtained to her person. Yes, such is our Queen! Open to redress complaints, ever ready to alleviate the distresses and soften the burthens of sickness and poverty, she dares throw herself on the bosom of her people, regardless of the pageant of Life-guards; and, trusting to the goodwill and affections of Britons, she needs only the guardianship of reciprocal attachment.

Whilst the petty, self-created great, proud of their imaginary ancestry, and boasting of the noble deeds of their fathers, calumniate and villify a lady whose only error (if such it may be called) has been extreme affability and condescension, their assertions act as a foil, and rather increase the native brilliancy of Her Majesty's character; those only are truly noble who prove themselves, by their actions, worthy of the name and dignity they bear. Let the noble lords who have to decide upon this highly important case remember that their determination must seal their memories for ever; that hereafter they will be spoken of with delight, nay enthusiasm, or otherwise.

"Was *this* then *her* fate?" future ages will say,  
When *some* names shall live but in History's curse,  
When *truth* will be heard, and these lords of a day  
Be forgotten as *fools*, or remembered as *worse*!

BEAUCHAMP.

## THE SPIRIT OF HISTORY ;

OR,

## Historical Essays

ON GREAT EVENTS RESULTING FROM MINUTE CAUSES.

*(Continued from page 30.)*

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*The jealousy which the wife of a merchant of Florence occasioned in the breast of an Illyrian princess, causes the destruction of of the republic of Ragusa.*

RAGUSA\* was formerly a flourishing city. Its inhabitants, united by wise laws and reciprocal friendship, lived together in agreeable ease and happy tranquillity. The election of magistrates was carried on without cabal; and by merit alone were dignities obtained. No seditious discourses were there propagated by jealousy; the people were obedient to the voice of those whom they had chosen to rule over them.

The union of the citizens, and the prudence of their governors, rendered this republic formidable to her neighbours. The Turks in vain united all their forces against them. Sandal, sovereign of Illyrium†, tried every means to reduce them to his obedience; but all his attempts were productive only of disgrace to himself; the Rugusans, ever united, were invincible; caution, dictated by wisdom, secured them from any surprise. This republic, in short, which never meditated conquests, but whose only care was to defend itself, seemed to promise a very lasting duration, but all things have an end; it was overthrown by the most trifling cause, at a time when it appeared to be the most firmly established. The manner was as follows:—

A Florentine merchant, who went with his wife, to carry merchandize to Clytia, where prince Sandal then resided, was more intent upon his traffic than on the conduct of his wife; who, on her side, thought of nothing but of making herself amends for the restraint in which her husband kept her at Florence. She soon became the talk of the whole city. The

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\* Situated on the borders of the Adriatic sea.

† Now Esclavonia.



men praised her wit and beauty, and the women decried her as full of imperfections. Prince Sandal, in order to form a judgment of this difference of opinion, sought an opportunity of seeing and conversing with the Italian female; which having soon obtained, he decided in favour of the merchant's wife. She appeared so amiable in his eyes, that he conceived the most violent passion for her, and tried every means of possessing her. His treasures were open; and this woman, who had been accustomed, in traffic, to dispose of any thing for money, granted to the prince whatever he desired of her.

This artful Italian found the means of captivating the heart of her lover to such a degree, that he found no pleasure but in her company, and every thing that deprived him of it were objects of his aversion. The princess his wife, the daughter of Eleazer, ruler of Servia, was the first who perceived this alteration in him. She had been several years married to Sandal, and, till the arrival of the Italian, had experienced all that satisfaction which flows from a happy marriage. A prince, who, from his infancy, had discovered a virtuous disposition, was the fruit of their mutual love. They both employed themselves in improving the talents of him who was one day to succeed them. Sandal, when fatigued with the affairs of government, used to amuse himself with his wife and son; lavishing on his boy the caresses of a tender father, and bestowing on the mother the attentions of a faithful and affectionate husband. These were the most agreeable employments of this prince. But he became all on a sudden gloomy and thoughtful. His lips, which never used to open but to say pleasing things to his wife, now only addressed her with words of harshness or indifference. His eyes, which were always expressive of tenderness, were now filled only with anger. In vain she wept, sighed, and lamented: her sorrow afforded him pleasure. This princess, reflecting on her own conduct, found it irreproachable; but on examining into that of her husband, she learned that another had possession of his heart. In order to regain his affections, she employed caresses and complaints; but her utmost endeavours proving fruitless, she lost all patience, and giving way to her anger, and inspiring her son with the same passion, she took him with her to Ragusa, related her mis-

fortune to the Ragusans, and seeing them affected by her sufferings, she presented her son to them, saying at the same time, "Ye valiant warriors and generous men! you see before you an unfortunate princess, who is come with her son, to throw herself into your arms, and to implore your assistance against an unnatural father, against a barbarous husband, who thirsteth after the blood of his son, and of his wife. I have recourse to you, believing you alone capable of stopping the progress of iniquity, and protecting the innocent. Ragusa contains within its walls none but persons of virtue; if I were capable of being otherwise, I should not have dared to enter therein. My misfortunes, I perceive, affect you, and I flatter myself that the crimes of my unworthy spouse, also irritate you against him. I am your fellow citizen; my virtue, my confidence in you give me a right so to be."

The senate assembled, and presented the princess and her son with the freedom of the city; and appointed a sum for their maintenance, suitable to their rank.

Sandal being informed of all that passed at Ragusa, and fearing lest he should be blamed by other sovereigns for suffering his wife and son to live on the alms of the republic, he sent ambassadors to Ragusa to demand them. But as they would not return to him, the senate refused to deliver them up; which, exasperating Sandal, he took up arms against them. The Ragusans made preparations to oppose him, and appointed the young prince their chief. The citizens offered him their lives and fortunes, and taking an oath of fidelity to him, they marched under his command against his father, who was defeated, and forced to fly. The young prince entered Ragusa in triumph; but the advantage he made of his victory discovered his ingratitude; for he obliged the citizens to obey him agreeably to the oath they had taken, and bringing foreign troops imperceptibly into the city, caused himself to be acknowledged sovereign.

Mahomet II. a little while after, besieged Ragusa, when the inhabitants, discontented with their government, defended themselves very indifferently, and the city was taken: but the conquerors suffered them to be governed by their ancient laws, on condition of their paying an annual tribute.

(To be continued.)

## TO MY COUNTRYWOMEN.

WHEN last, my beloved countrywomen, I addressed you, it was on an occasion of extreme interest, and when horror and indignation had awakened the dormant faculties of my mind, and roused me from the obscurity to which I had consigned myself; but that which now induces me to present myself before you is of still greater importance, since it is not only more momentous in itself, but more fatal in its consequences. Deeply, however, as I feel the value of my present subject, and solicitous as I am to impress my readers with the same sentiments as actuate myself, I fear that my very anxiety will weaken my endeavours and defeat my purpose; for the mind of age, like the decaying taper, emits only occasional bright flashes, and exhibits itself in the exertions it makes to recover its strength; enthusiasm may sparkle in it for a while, but imbecility soon usurps its place, and the sentiments and language of former days sink into mere sounds or tedious repetitions; but what I apprehend from your judgment I confide to your candour, and conscious that my motive is pure, fear neither censure nor contempt.

Let no one, however, suppose that it is my intention to enter into the merits of that question which now supersedes every other in interest, and presuming to pass the sentence of condemnation or acquittal myself, deal in invectives even against those *men*, who basely seeking the destruction of a *woman*, impiously permit the publication of the grossest indelicacies, or extol virtues which I never doubted; I consider the subject purely as a political one, and therefore one in which we have no right to interfere, and I request that no expressions that I may use may be construed into any reference of my opinion on either side; hence I can never allow the present to be, as I have heard it denominated, a woman's cause, nor believe that a single benefit can arise in any way whatever from our embarking in it; we may, indeed, be the tools of others, and increase the number, though we augment not the force, of party, but I am convinced that our exertions will be no more conducive to the ends of justice



than honourable to ourselves. The virtues of women should be felt, not seen; few of our sex are capable of being heroines, and therefore when we pass the boundary which nature has prescribed for us, it is seldom either to our advantage or renown; but while we are in public only a negative good, we are in private an active and irresistible one. To our husbands and fathers then let us commit the result, and rest assured that our best interests are safest in their keeping, and, in the meantime, be careful that our own conduct is free from reproach, lest in proving the innocence of another, they have the slightest cause to impeach our own.

An opportunity, however, presents itself in which our interference may be of the utmost consequence, and productive of the greatest good: here then I make my solemn appeal to you, and implore you by every tie of morality, of female delicacy, and Christian obligation, to exert your powerful influence, and endeavour to stem the torrent of iniquity, which now rolling its baneful streams through every part of the land, infects the air with a destroying pestilence, pervades the perfumed apartments of the great, and taints the wholesome chambers of the poor. Never was there a moment more pregnant with danger than the present, when our press is filled with details which must cover every modest cheek with confusion, and every reflecting mind with sorrow and alarm. Not only our daily prints are made the vehicles of this poison, but pamphlets of every description and price are distributed in every street, and proclaimed in every corner, and, alas! not offered with more activity than received with avidity by all classes; every eye, every ear is open; and recitals that, in another case, would scarcely have allowed an allusion, are now read without a scruple, and canvassed without hesitation. Oh, England! once the seat of honour and purity, how art thou disgraced! Oh! favoured of Heaven and envied of men, how art thou fallen! Thy palace the abode of dissensions and misery, that sacred house, which so often has echoed to the voice of all that was good or great, now prophaned by the tales of discarded and perjured menials; thy people openly insulting the dignity of royalty with ribaldry or scorn; thy daughters, forgetting the respect due to themselves, assuming a language for which they have no precedent, or engaged in the perusal of pro-



ceedings from which the modest eye of a British female should turn away in abhorrence and disgust. But degraded and defiled as thou art, still thou art dear! born an Englishwoman, and educated an Englishwoman, I glory in the name! and though the hand of age has scattered its snow upon my brow, it has not chilled my heart, nor has misfortune or infirmity damped my zeal; still art thou associated with every feeling of pride or tenderness,—thou wert the land of my forefathers, and therefore I venerate thee,—thy safety has been purchased by the blood of those I love, and therefore I value thee,—thou art the grave of my mother, and therefore thou art sacred. Never, while life pervades my veins, whilst my mind can form a thought, or my fingers can register it, will I abandon my efforts to serve thee; feeble though they be, and insignificant as they may prove, still thou hast a right to demand them, and when I suffer individual ease to overcome my sense of duty, or dare to “forget thee, may my right hand forget its cunning,” and dishonour rest on my ashes.

That I have been guilty of no exaggeration nor apprehend evils which are not likely to arise, a very little reflection will shew; and it is a matter of no less surprise than of sorrow to me, that any admonition on such a head should have been requisite; but to the extraordinary interest which this fatal investigation has so universally excited can I attribute this direliction from propriety; but surely no degree of interest can be deemed a sufficient apology for such a palpable infringement on female delicacy and decorum. Pregnant as these details are with all that is offensive and disgusting, I have no hesitation in affirming that no modest woman ought to read them, and I might perhaps add, that no truly modest woman will; at all events, I am convinced, that numbers who have perused them will never allow that they have done so; but is not an acknowledgment of impropriety a sufficient reason to deter any one from persisting in it? Is it enough to appear ignorant in the eyes of another, and yet confess ourselves criminally wise in our own? or is it enough to be afraid of the censure of an indifferent observer, and yet careless of the reproaches of your own conscience? Allow me to ask you, to whom these observations particularly attach, what impression has been left on your mind,

what advantage have you gained from the gratification of your curiosity, for probably that motive was even stronger than your anxiety? If you allow it to be an agreeable one, then, harsh as the sentence may sound, I must declare, that I consider the heart which can receive pleasure from such recitals, far from possessing that purity which can alone render it estimable; but if you acknowledge that you have neither derived satisfaction nor improvement from the employment, then I must answer, the misapplication of time itself constitutes an offence of no trifling nature.

Vice, my dear countrywomen, has many inlets, but none more powerful than that which presents itself through the medium of the imagination; the eye is easily appalled, and the ear as easily disgusted, but scenes which could not be witnessed, and words which could not be heard, when clothed with language, are contemplated without horror, and read without difficulty, and we become familiarized with crime in the very retreats of virtue. Considered in this light, happy would it be if such details were in no case allowed to make their appearance; example would then lose its greatest force and sin its greatest danger; for if the crime of one guilty pair has been a precedent to a few, the particulars of that crime has paved the way to the destruction of thousands. Let the offenders be openly exposed to the scorn of the world, by the declaration of their names, but surely the particulars of their guilt can never serve the cause either of justice or morality, and would therefore be far better suppressed. Frail and fragile are all human virtues, but none more so than modesty, none sooner become tainted, and none retain that taint so long; like the dust on the butterfly's wing, if once displaced by either the rude or the careless hand, it can never again be restored to its primitive beauty, nor the impression worn off by any lapse of time. Who will not then reflect without the deepest concern that not only our matrons have received these vile publications into their houses, but that in many cases they have allowed their daughters to read them also, and thus many who might have remained in blissful ignorance for ever, are now made wise in guilt. There was a time when the very mention of adultery was avoided in the presence of our youth, and if, as the apostle declares, it is a crime which should not even be named among Chris-

tians, upon what authority can we presume to make it familiar to their ear? or upon what ground have we the temerity to expose it to their view? Oh! reflect upon what you are doing, and believe it is no venial offence which you are thus inadvertantly occurring, and delude not yourselves with the hope that but little evil can arise from your remissness, and then that little will be soon obliterated. Would you consent that your children should be witnesses of the scenes which abandoned perjury has described? Then why make them virtually present, with the addition of leaving more to the imagination than sight itself would have done, by pointing out as criminal what innocence would have passed unobserved? Do you suppose they will forget what they have read, or rest contentedly in doubt where they cannot understand? Curiosity is the characteristic of youth, and never will the remembrance of what interests them be erased, nor will any thing that surprises them be suffered to escape investigation; long, therefore, after these hateful records shall have passed away, and the parties themselves which they concern shall be thought of with as much indifference as though they had never been, the immoral effects they have given birth to shall remain in full vigour, and shew themselves in a thousand disgraceful forms.

Ye then who are blessed with the tender epithet of mother, and who would see reflected in your daughters the virtues which have adorned yourselves,—ye who are mistresses of families, in whose care the young and inexperienced are confided, and in whose hands I am aware this paper is likely to fall, I beseech you, as ye shall answer at the bar of Heaven for the proper fulfilment of your duty, to guard them from the *contamination* which surrounds them, and strictly to forbid the introduction of any such publications as I have alluded to from your apartments; but if unfortunately the admonition should have arrived too late, and the seeds of mischief should already have been sown, then instantly endeavour to counteract their ill effects, and administer the only antidote against the poison they have imbibed that is in your power. Tell them, propriety does not consist of innocence of intention, nor modesty in outward appearance alone, but assure them that every thought, word, and deed, must be sanctified by it, and that it is not enough

to be guiltless, but that they must not even be *suspected of error*; bid them abstain from all appearance of indelicacy, and impress upon their minds, that gaiety of heart will never excuse levity of conduct, nor absence of vice compensate for equivocal virtue; tell them this, and you will at least exonerate your conscience from much of the blame that must otherwise attach to you.

To you, young and inconsiderate beings, who have so far forgotten the delicacy of your sex as to have perused these shameful details, I now address myself, and entreat you, with all the solicitude and affection of a parent, to endeavour to obliterate them from your memory, and scrupulously to avoid every allusion to them in your discourse; much has already appeared before the public, but much I fear is necessarily yet to come; regard then the warnings I have given you, and touch no more the unhallowed pages; you may once have been betrayed into error by general example, but you cannot again transgress without a determination to do wrong. Remember, that the same voice which has proclaimed, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," has also declared, that the disordered and lewd imaginations of the heart constitute crime, and while you shudder at the short step between the commencement and the completion of sin, recall the dreadful denunciation recorded against it. Be, therefore, correct in your behaviour, chaste in your conversation, and pure in heart as in conduct, and may the words of the wisest of men be individually applicable to you all, "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies."

I remain, my dear Countrywomen,

Your sincere friend and well-wisher,

AN OLD WOMAN.



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REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

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THE ABBOT; a Romance. *By the Author of Waverley.*  
3 vols. 12mo. Longman and Co. London, and Constable  
and Co. Edinburgh.

"THE Abbot" is a sequel to "The Monastery," but in all the essential requisites of romance it far surpasses that production. We are tempted, indeed, in reading it to think that the author has, by a vigorous effort, collected all his powers, in order to prove to the critics who carped at his last work, that those brilliant powers are still unimpaired. He has retained some of the prominent characters in "The Monastery," but the interest of the present work turns principally on a new *dramatis personæ*, not inferior it must be confessed in vigour and effect to those highly-wrought characters with which his vivid fancy has adorned the pages of his preceding works.

The commencement is extremely interesting: the feelings of the childless Lady Avenal, who pines amidst her solitary grandeur for want of offspring, are naturally and eloquently described; and the scene between her and her little *protégé's* grandmother, Magdalen Græme, is strikingly beautiful. The character of this enthusiastic woman is highly wrought, and well sustained throughout; but the author goes to the very verge of poetical licence when he represents her and her grandson as concealing their faith by the express permission of their spiritual superior: no motive could, according to the tenets of their church, have justified such concealment. Roland is a natural and spirited portrait; the parting scene between him and his benefactress, the description of his feelings on quitting the home of his early years, and the scene between him and the falconer, honest Adam Woodcock, are extremely happy. Adam is, indeed, one of the best specimens we have met with of genuine English character of the lower class. The Regent Murray is an exquisite picture of a highly-gifted mind warped by ambition; while the different shades of character in the other Scottish nobles are

well discriminated, and the inferior personages are drawn with much truth and humour. The scene in which the envious domestics rejoice at the dismissal of Roland, is extremely characteristic, and has a very dramatic effect; as has also that between the waiting woman, Lilius, and the old steward, in whom the cold caution and sly selfishness which distinguish him are admirably depicted.

The author has blended with his narrative the political events of the period, and his details of them are fraught with interest, particularly wherever the lovely and unfortunate Mary Stuart is concerned, still, indeed, from the moment that she is introduced, her misfortunes and her wrongs absorb us wholly; we are no longer capable of weighing the question of her guilt or innocence, we see only a persecuted queen, whose magnanimous spirit challenges our admiration. The author has done full justice to all the fascinating qualities which history gives to Mary, and has displayed in the most prominent light, that sarcastic wit, which, perhaps, precipitated her fall.

The scene between the queen and her rebellious nobles, where the mingled dignity and softness of Mary, the savage brutality of Lindesay, and the cold sternness of the heartless traitor Ruthven, are contrasted, is, in our opinion, the finest in the work; the escape of Mary is admirably told, and we suspect that the tears of more than one of the author's fair readers will fall with those of the luckless queen, for the gallant and devoted Douglas, whose passion for her is in the true spirit of chivalry. As our limits will not permit a long extract, we have selected Magdalen Græme's address to the Queen of Scotland, in which there is a considerable share of poetic beauty.

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"At that moment, Magdalen Græme arose from her knees, and turned her countenance on the queen, at the same time advancing her foot, extending her arm, and assuming the mien and attitude of a sybil in frenzy. As her grey hair floated back from under her coif, and her eye gleamed fire from under its shaggy eyebrow, the effect of her expressive, though emaciated features, was heightened by an enthusiasm approaching to insanity, and her appearance struck with awe all who were present. Her eyes for a time glanced wildly

around, as if seeking for something to aid her in collecting her powers of expression, and her lips had a nervous and quivering motion, as those of one who would fain speak, yet rejects as inadequate the words which present themselves. No sooner did she begin to speak than the words flowed from her with a profuse fluency, which might have passed for inspiration, and which, perhaps, she herself mistook for such.

“‘Arise,’ said she, ‘Queen of France and of England! Arise, Lioness of Scotland! and be not dismayed, though the nets of the hunters have encircled thee! Stoop not to feign with the false ones whom thou shalt soon meet in the field. The issue of the battle is with the God of Armies, but by battle thy cause shall be tried. Lay aside then the arts of lower mortals, and assume those which become a queen! Royal Princess of the land! take the sword of St. Paul to smite and to shear! There is darkness in thy destiny; but but not in these towers, not under the rule of their haughty mistress, shall that destiny be closed. In other lands, the lioness may crouch to the power of the tigress, but not in her own—not in Scotland, shall the Queen of Scotland long remain captive—nor is the fate of the royal Stuart in the hands of the traitor Douglas. Let the lady of Lochleven double her bolts and deepen her dungeons, they shall not retain thee—each element shall give thee its assistance, ere thou shalt continue captive—the land shall lend its earthquakes, the water its waves, the air its tempests, the fire its devouring flames, to desolate this house, rather than it shall continue the place of thy captivity. Hear this and tremble, all ye who fight against the light, for she says it to whom it hath been assured!’”

**THE ANGEL OF THE WORLD; an Arabian Tale; SEBASTIAN; a Spanish Tale: with other Poems.** *By the Rev. George Croly, A. M.* 8vo. 8s. 6d. Warren.

THERE is, perhaps, no word more abused than that of Poetry! every person who can string a set of rhymes, is apt to fancy himself fully qualified to claim the bright bays of Apollo; and as the art is by no means difficult, and no great sense is required in the execution for words of little or no import, sound pleasing to the ear, with the aid of a few smooth lines, and the sentiment, which in an humbler garb, would almost

shame its parent, looks tolerably well, when adorned in the pompous robes of metre, we may at once account for their being so many more indifferent poetical than prosaical writers; though certainly, there is no comparison in the irksomeness of the two, for if the latter be bad, the former is infinitely worse. When, however, the real poet comes forward to our view, and presents us with a work which genius, taste, and feeling, stamp their own, we hail his approach with pleasure, and accept his offering with delight; such a poet and such a work is now before us.—High as the names of some of our modern bards stand enrolled in the scroll of Fame, that of Croly gives fair promise to be inferior to none; rich in conception, elegant in language, and refined in sentiment, he possesses the glowing imagination of Byron without his prophaneness, and all the tenderness of Moore without his licentiousness. “The Angel of the World,” is founded on the story of Mohammed, of the Angels, Haruth and Maruth, who having spoken arrogantly of their own power to resist the temptations so fatal to man, are sent down to earth to give proof of their virtue. A spirit in the form of a woman assails them, and succeeding in making them drink wine, she finally seduces them entirely from their duty, and leads them to the commission of every offence. Nothing can exceed the description of the enchanting being who was the ruin of the angels, nor is the latter part of the poem much inferior to the former; the whole, in fact, is a beautiful specimen of Arabic luxuriousness grafted on English sublimity. “Sebastian,” is a very delightful composition, and will probably, from the more general interest which it is calculated to excite, be the greater favourite of the two; but we will decide upon their merits in no other way, than by saying, that they both mark the various and uncommon powers of the author, and are equally entitled to our highest encomiums. The minor pieces will also be read with much pleasure, but where so many are excellent, it is difficult to particularize any; the one however, entitled “The Funeral,” is worthy of its lamented subject, the Princess Charlotte; and is, in our opinion, the best that has ever been produced on the melancholy occasion.



**SUPREME BON TON; and BON TON BY PROFESSION.** A Novel. *By the Author of Parga.* J. C. Spence, London.

AMONG the ephemeral productions which issue daily from the press, there are none, generally speaking, so contemptible as the class called satirical novels. They are to the present age what the dramas of the celebrated mimic, Foote, were to the last, with this difference, however, that his abuse of individuals was seasoned with wit and humour, whereas their satire has rarely any other recommendation than downright personality and gross scurrillity. This is not, however, exactly the case in the present instance; for the author has evinced in the performance of his invidious task, much more talent than usually falls to the share of writers of his class. His sketches possess force and spirit, and his descriptions are often lively and just; but even that cannot compensate for the injury he offers to the morals of his readers, in relating anecdotes void of decency, and painting vice in colours which render it rather alluring than detestable. He may, we are indeed aware, assert, with too much truth, in his defence, that he

“ Holds the mirror up to nature,”

for, alas! profligacy and folly are but too prevalent in high life; but they should be painted as they are, detestable and ridiculous, not glossed over in the smooth language of sophistry, or treated with a gay levity which tends to confound the distinction between vice and virtue. Among the very few things which we find to praise in these volumes, is the author's just and spirited ridicule of the manners of modern domestics, whose absurd imitation of the follies and vices of their betters, he has painted in a very lively manner. Upon the whole, he has given proof in this work that he is capable of doing much better, and we shall be glad to see his pen employed in a more worthy cause.

**THE SKETCH BOOK OF GEOFFERY CRAYON, GENT.**  
Vol. II. 8vo. Murray, London.

THE first volume of “The Sketch Book” met with great and deserved success, and we think that the one now be-

fore us is written with equal talent and spirit. Few writers of the present day have caught so happily the predominant traits of English character, and no one paints them with more truth, candour, and good-nature, than this gentleman, who is, we believe, an American by birth ; but from the liberality, tolerance, and strong discrimination, which he evinces in his sketches, he may justly lay claim to the title of a citizen of the world.

This volume contains fifteen papers on different subjects, some grave, others lively ; the latter caught our attention particularly by their dry, chaste humour, and the intimate knowledge which they display of the peculiarities of our national character. The inhabitants of Little Britain, and the feuds which distract the empire of fashion in that region, are inimitably described. There are several strokes of humour in this sketch not unworthy of the pen of Addison. The stage-coachman is admirably portrayed, and shews us that in the hands of a spirited and clever writer even the most common subjects can be made effective. We cannot enter into a detailed critique upon the other Sketches before us, but we have no hesitation in saying, that our readers will find they are lively, natural, and amusing.

The following works are just published—

ITALY AND ITS INHABITANTS IN 1816 AND 1817.

HULNE ABBEY, a novel.

THE LIFE and DEATH of ANNE BULLEN, Queen Consort of England. As this is a reprint of a scarce historical tract, we may possibly give some extracts from it in our next Number.

In the press and speedily will be published, "TRAITS and TRIALS," a novel, in two volumes.

## EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1820.

WE resume our detail of the proceedings against Her Majesty. Our readers will recollect that we closed our last month's account on the 24th of August; immediately after which, Captains Pechell and Briggs were examined.—The first of these gentlemen commanded the *Clorinde*, in 1814, and conveyed the Princess and suite from Civita Vecchia to Genoa. She was eight days on board at that time, and in the beginning of the following year, she made another trip of four days in the same vessel. Captain Pechell never observed any impropriety, at any time, in Her Royal Highness's conduct. Captain Briggs, who conveyed the Princess and suite from Genoa to Sicily, in the year 1815, deposed also to the propriety of her conduct; adding that he never supposed her capable of any thing improper.

Pietro Puchi, who is the Agent for the Grand Hotel at Trieste, stated that the Princess of Wales and attendants had arrived at his house about four years ago, where she staid six days; during this time, he observed Bergami come out of the Princess's apartment at half past seven o'clock in the morning, three or four times. It is very singular, that this man, on being asked by Mr. Brougham, whether he was still the agent for the Grand Hotel, replied in these words, "I am about to take the inn which is called the Black Eagle; but if I don't gain the trial, (the law-suit,) I shall continue to be in the Grand Hotel." We make no comment upon this most extraordinary reply, which appeared to produce a great sensation in the House.

Barbara Kress, or Krantz, was next examined. She was chambermaid at the Grand Hotel. She declared that she had seen the Princess sitting on the side of Bergami's bed, and that he had his arm round her neck. On the entrance of the witness, Her Highness started up, and appeared frightened.

Guiseppe Bianchi, door-keeper to the inn of Grand Bretagne, in Venice, deposed that about five years ago, the Princess and suite were at that inn for three or four days;

and that one day, just as she was rising from dinner, a jeweller brought her home a Venetian gold chain, which she put round her neck; but immediately after, took it off, and threw it round the neck of Bergami, who was then waiting behind her chair; but Bergami took it off, and placed it again round the neck of his Royal Mistress. He then took her hand, and led her to the saloon, where they drank coffee together. The witness declared, that there was no person in the room during this scene but himself.

Paola Raggozoni, a mason who worked at the Princess's residence, Villa d'Este, recollected to have seen Her Royal Highness and Bergami walking arm in arm together. Upon one occasion, the witness saw the Princess and Bergami go into a room adjoining to a grotto, in which he was at work; there were two figures of Adam and Eve in that room, which they both examined in a very indecent manner. Her Royal Highness frequently sat alone in the garden with Bergami after sun-set. There was a theatre at the Villa d'Este, and the Princess sometimes performed; she once acted the part of an invalid, and Bergami that of the physician who prescribed for her.

Ieronimus Miardi, director of the gardens at the Villa d'Este, deposed to the Princess and Bergami having lunched together in the kitchen.

Paola Oggione, cook at the Villa d'Este, stated, that the Princess had, in company with Bergami, witnessed some indecent dances performed by a Turk, called Mahomet.

The next witness, Louisa De Mont, a chambermaid, whom Her Royal Highness had discharged in the year 1817, because she had, in a letter, taken an impertinent freedom with the name of her Royal Highness, gave evidence at considerable length as to the familiarities between the Princess and Bergami. She stated the contiguity of their chambers, her having seen them at improper times, come out of each others apartments, and having heard them use the most tender expressions in speaking to each other. In short, her evidence was a circumstantial sort of narrative, delivered with abundant confidence and some plausibility. But unluckily for the credit of her testimony, it appeared, on being discharged by the Princess, she had left her sister in the service of her Royal Mistress, and in a letter to this sister,



she has written in the highest terms of panegyric respecting the Princess, 'whom she declares to be the most virtuous and excellent of women. She says, that she has been much noticed in consequence of having lived with the Princess, and that many questions have been put to her about the conduct and manners of Her Royal Highness; and she adds, that nothing shall induce her ever to say a syllable against her august and virtuous benefactress. We beg of our readers particularly, to mark the following passage, which we extract from this letter.—“I am now about to relate to you a thing, which will surprise you almost as much as it has me. On the 24th of last month, I was told that an unknown person desired to deliver me a letter, and that he would trust it to no one else; I went down stairs and desired him to come up to my room. What astonishment! when I broke the seal, a proposal was made me to set off for London in his protection, and under the pretence of living as governess. I was promised a brilliant fortune in a short time. There was no signature to the letter, but to assure me of the truth, I was permitted to draw on his banker as much as I wished.” De Mont endeavoured to explain away this singular account, by stating, that it was meant as a *double entendre*, and signified in reality, that if her sister was turned away by the Princess, she, De Mont, would give her the means of going to England to obtain a situation as governess. We need not comment on the glaring improbability of this statement; there was no mark by which her sister could understand her meaning; there had been no previous arrangement made between them, by which such meaning could be inferred from the passage in question. In a word, it was very clear, that no such meaning ever had existed. We must not forget to mention, that this woman had written a journal while she lived with the Princess, and when she returned to her native village in Switzerland, this journal was very much read by the inhabitants, and was even carried to Lausanne; all the English who were there being anxious to see it. It was filled with various instances of the Princess's virtues. De Mont left Her Royal Highness's service in 1817, and has not been in service since, but has for the last thirteen months, been living in England, in order, no doubt, to be in readiness for the trial. She has passed herself at two

different lodgings as the Countess Columbier. Several other witnesses of the lowest description deposed to various acts of familiarity having passed between the Princess and Bergami. The last witness called, was a man who has gone by four different names. He was examined by that of Guiseppe Sacchi. He lived with the Princess as confectioner, from the year 1816 to 1817. This man deposed to various freedoms having passed between the Princess and Bergami, which are too indecent to be detailed.

The evidence of the crown closed here, and the Solicitor-General summed up the testimony of the twenty-five witnesses, who had appeared against Her Majesty. The learned gentleman spared neither labour, time, nor ingenuity, to prove that from the evidence before the House, the preamble to the Bill was fully made out. The case being closed on the part of the crown, Mr. Brougham naturally expected to be permitted to open it on that of his Royal client; and then, if necessary, to postpone the trial till her witnesses could be procured. This, however, was peremptorily refused by the House; nay, he was even denied the liberty of replying to the speech of the Solicitor-General, by commenting on the manner in which that gentleman had summed up the evidence. It was decided, that the trial, if once opened, must go on without intermission. And as Her Majesty's witnesses will not be prepared till the 3d of October, the House has adjourned till that day.

Every step that Ministers have taken in this business has rebounded to their own confusion. In the first place, not an iota of the charges brought against her Majesty have been proved, for not one of the witnesses have gone the length of swearing to any positive act of adultery, although they have laboured by a detail (which we do from our inmost souls believe to be false), of the most scandalous and indecent conduct on the part of Her Majesty, to prepare the public mind for the belief that the adultery was actually committed. But here they have overshot the mark, and by labouring to load her with guilt, they have in fact proved her innocence; because, if even she had been guilty, she never would be foolish enough to exhibit proofs of the grossest licentiousness in the road, and in an open boat on a lake as public as the high road. Is it natural that these people, after witnessing all this, should hold their tongues

about it till they were questioned by the Milan commission, as they say they have? Besides, it must be recollected, that all this is said to have happened three years ago; that Government, thanks to their system of *espionage*, were in possession of all the facts, and yet never interposed in any way to induce Her Majesty to adopt a conduct less disgraceful. The bill charges her with six years of licentious conduct; we hear only of three; not a syllable is said of the three last. Is it likely that, if she had so conducted herself, she would have suddenly stopped short in her career of infamy? Let us look at the host of witnesses; is there one creditable person, (with the exception of the two naval officers whose testimony was in Her Majesty's favor, among them? We can boldly say, no. And how has their testimony been procured? Why evidently by money: They are now grown too cunning to admit this; but we may safely infer it when they say they receive only the payment of their *necessary expences*; for it appears Mr. Sacchi the confectioner, who is also a self-created nobleman, under the title of Count Milini, finds it *necessary* to pay *five pounds a week* for the board of himself and servant. Madame de Mont has been too cunning to suffer the public to ascertain what her *necessary expences* were, but no doubt they were proportioned to her *dignity*, as *Countess Columbier*. It is clear from this woman's own words, that she is equally wicked and contemptible. She has been discharged for what she has, in a letter to her Royal Mistress, acknowledged to be a gross offence. She intreats that her sister who is innocent, may not suffer for her crime. This request is granted, the Princess retains her sister. De Mont, to shew her gratitude, trumpets forth every where the praises of the Princess, whom she now declares she knew at that time to be a monster of wickedness. What value can we attach to the oath of a creature whose native element seems to be falsehood? And then the *double entendre* to her sister, so absurd so inconsistent, with every appearance of probability.—The lying genius of *Madame le Comtesse* might surely have suggested some better mode of getting out of that scrape; and so it probably would, had she not been conscience-stricken, for it was remarked that the sight of the letters evidently shook the confidence which had till then marked her deportment.

The refusal to suffer the Queen's counsel to open her defence, far from prejudicing the public mind against her, has only



served still more to endear her to the people, because they see in that act only one more of a succession of unjust and tyrannical proceedings against her. Addresses are still presenting to her from every part of the kingdom; Leeds, Leicester, Manchester, Bermingham, Coventry, Tiverton, Stroud, &c. &c. The United Incorporation of Mary's Chapel, Edinburgh, consisting of Wrights, Masons, and six other trades, are among the number. The public zeal in her cause, far from abating, appears to increase. One lace trade at Loughborough are preparing a magnificent dress which they mean to solicit Her Majesty's acceptance of. She has already honored Miss Woodward, the proprietor of a lace Manufactory near Nottingham, with her gracious acceptance of two very beautiful lace veils.

The Earl of Liverpool has signified the readiness of Ministers to withdraw the divorce clause from the will, declaring that His Majesty wishes for no personal relief, his only object being to uphold the honor of the nation. What! is our national honor to be upheld by obtruding upon the public details of the most gross and indecent nature, details which may do incalculable mischief to the morals of the people? Is it to be supported by cheapening royalty in every eye at home, and rendering it the object of contempt and derision abroad? Alas! this is not a time to make farther experiments upon the patience of an already irritated and overburthened people. Cannot the recent examples of Spain, Naples, and Portugal, teach Ministers wisdom? or are they determined to go on, and with heedless audacity brave the storm which they themselves have raised till it bursts in thunder on their heads.

The House of Commons met on Monday, 18th September. A motion was made, and carried, by Mr. Serjeant Onslow, to enable the House to examine witnesses on oath in the case of the Queen. An attempt was made by Mr. Hobhouse to quash the proceedings against Her Majesty, by moving for the prorogation of Parliament; but it was negatived. Mr. S. C. Whitbread moved for an account of the money employed in the proceedings against the Queen, during these last six years. It was agreed to in this form, "That there be laid before this House an account of all the expense that has been incurred in in the proceedings against Her Majesty, as soon as the same can be made out."

In summing up the preceedings against Her Majesty, we have



omitted to mention that, while Ministers are confidently asserting that every facility shall be afforded to her witnesses to come forward, the contrary is the fact, as will be proved by the following circumstances: First, German Officers are forbidden to appear in uniform after they arrive in this country; and it is very well known that the pay of the inferior officers does not afford them the means of making the appearance of gentlemen in ordinary clothes; Secondly, the noted Colonel Brown, one of the agents in the Milan Commission, has threatened to have Mr. Masetti, an Italian merchant, now residing in London, sent out of this country by the Alien Act, for endeavouring to learn who were the witnesses against Her Majesty.

September 21st, a meeting of the inhabitants of the parish of St. Pancras, was held for the purpose of addressing Her Majesty; there were upwards of ten thousand most respectable persons present, ladies as well as gentlemen. Mr. P. Moore, who came forward to propose the first resolution, stated, as a positive fact, that a gentleman of unsullied honor, had pledged himself to prove that De Mont was connected with brothels in London, that she had invited this gentleman to accompany her to one, and given him her card as *La Comtesse de la Columbiere, Dame d'honneur au Sa Royale Altesse La Princesse de Galles*. She said on one occasion, that she got as much money as she wanted from Lord Stewart. Mr. Moore also asserted, that the German chambermaid, Krantz, has been publicly whipped through Carlsruhe, for destroying or attempting to destroy an illegitimate child; and the waiter at Triste was notoriously known to be a dealer in scandal at fixed times, and formed his story of every lady or gentleman who came to the house according to the demand. Several resolutions, expressive of the abhorrence with which the assembly regarded the present proceedings, and the sympathy, love, and reverence which they felt for Her Majesty, were then passed, and the meeting dispersed.

Our anxiety to present our fair readers with an accurate account of Her Majesty's trial prevents us from noticing the domestic intelligence of this month; but we cannot omit to state that a revolution broke out in Portugal on the 24th of August; it began in the City of Oporto, and has been accomplished by the soldiery without bloodshed. A Provisional Government, composed chiefly of military men, with a few civil and ecclesiastical persons, was immediately organized.

They have declared an intention to summon the Cortes of the kingdom directly, and to establish a Constitution similar to that of the Cortes of Spain. Religion is to be protected, and the King acknowledged as head of the state. The Provisional Government assured the British Consul at Oporto, that British subjects and property would be respected. The British Officers in the Portuguese service are to retain their honours, privileges, and distinctions, until the installation of the Cortes; they are also promised a liberal provision on account of their past services, in case they should afterwards chuse to remain in the country. Such was the first account which arrived September the 16th; but on the 20th, intelligence reached us that the Provinces of Beira, Alentiss, and Algarve were tranquil, and there is almost a certainty that that of Tra-los-Montis, one of the two strongest in the kingdom, is also quiet. The Conde de Amarante, Governor of the armies of this last province, has published a proclamation deprecating the evils of a revolution, and calling upon the people to adhere to the old form of Government. This is the third revolution recently broke out upon the Continent by the military alone.



## THE DRAMA.

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### COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE

OPENED September 18th, with *Romeo and Juliet*. Miss Wensley was the Juliet, and it was announced as her first appearance in a tragic character. The early part of her performance deserved praise, particularly her scene with the Nurse, which was played with much nature and simplicity; but we must in fairness forbear to comment upon the most arduous part of the character, because we have since understood that she laboured under the double disadvantage of illness and terror, occasioned by a riot in the gallery of the theatre. C. Kemble's *Romeo* left us nothing to wish. The interior of the house has been newly decorated during the recess, and with much taste.

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HAYMARKET THEATE.

COLMAN the elder's excellent comedy, *The Suicide*, has been revived at this house with great success; and a three-act comedy, under the title of *Dog-days in Bond-street*, has been brought out as a *new* piece, but is a translation from the French play, *Les Etourdis*, and, for the major part, a spirited and faithful one; notwithstanding there is much cant phrase and buffoonery introduced in a character played by Russell, which deserved and met with a very severe castigation. The performers, generally speaking, exerted themselves extremely. Terry, who in the elder Tressilian, give us a most animated portrait of a benevolent humourist, whose warmth of heart makes amends for all his singularities. The dry caustic humour which he threw into this character was very happily contrasted with his occasional display of natural feeling. Jones, in *Flushly*, blended most admirably the thoughtless levity of a dissipated man of fashion with the true spirit and feelings of a gentleman; and we might in justice say we never saw Liston more original or more entertaining than in *Barnaby*. Barnard's Young Tressilian, was a very poor performance, and Mrs. Mardyn's Miss Trissilian was equally cold and uninteresting. The piece, however, went off very well, and has since been played repeatedly.

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THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

ANY Operatic Drama called *Baron de Trenck*, was produced here for the first time on the 11th of September, and is taken from the well known memoirs of Trenck, but, as may be supposed, bears a slight affinity to the real story. The hero of the Drama (T.P. Cooke) is in love with the Baroness Lindorf, (Miss Carew) a relative of the King's; the commandant of Glutz, who is also in love with her, endeavors to ruin Trenck in the King's favor, and the imprudence of the Baron, who quits his post clandestinely in order to pay a visit to his mistress, gives him an opportunity to effect his purpose. As Trenck is quitting his fair one, he saves the life of a boy, Lionel Schell, (Miss Kelly) upon whom the commandant had in a fit of savage anger drawn his sword; but he is immediately afterwards seized by the

orders of his jealous rival, and conveyed to prison. His faithful mistress tries every means for his deliverance in vain, but he is at length liberated by the exertions of the grateful Lionel; our limits however will not permit us to follow the plot which is in the highest degree interesting.

The Baron was well sustained by T. P. Cooke, and Harley as the Jailor, was extremely amusing; but Miss Kelly was the great pillar of the piece; her acting exhibited the most delightful mixture of archness and feeling, of boyish levity and generous spirit, that we ever witnessed. Her by play in the scene with the Savoyards, and the manner in which she gave the Louis d'or, were inimitable; and in all her various exertions for Trenck's deliverance, she displayed so much earnestness, nature, and spirit, that she completely fascinated her auditors. Miss Carew, in the Baroness, sang delightfully, and her acting was natural and pleasing; but she wants a little more confidence in her own powers. The scenery is extremely fine; and the music, without being fine, is remarkably good. The piece was announced for repetition amidst enthusiastic applause, and has been performed every night since, benefits excepted.

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#### SURREY THEATRE.

The indefatigable manager of this house has produced three new pieces since the 25th of August, the first, a historical melo-drama, called Orsino, or, the Vaulted Cavern, possesses a considerable portion of deep tragic interest, and was very well performed; the second, a burletta, entitled Stop Thief! or, the Horrors of the Forest, in which the whole comic strength of the company is mustered with the happiest effect; it may be characterized as an original and irresistible and ludicrous little piece. The third, brought out for the benefit of Mr. Dibdin, is entitled The Victim, or, the Mother and the Mistress, and is founded on Miss Ballie's tragedy of Raynor, is a very interesting and powerful performance, and was in every respect admirably got up. Each of these pieces has been received with the warmest applause and has since been repeatedly performed. There is a degree of attention paid to all the minutiae of stage business at this Theatre, which reflects high credit both upon the Manager and the performers.



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*Fashionable Walking & Evening Dresses for October 1822*

*Invented by Miss Pierpont, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*

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THE  
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR OCTOBER, 1820.

WALKING DRESS.

A JACONAUT-muslin round gown: the skirt is gored and moderately full, and finished at the bottom with a deep flounce of pointed work, which is surmounted by three full welts put close to each other; above those welts a full trimming of muslin is let in, in lozenge puffs, and there are three welts immediately over it to correspond with those below. The body is made high; the back has a little fulness at top, and a good deal at the bottom of the waist; the fronts are tight to the shape; the collar is high, stands up round the throat, and is finished by a full fall of pointed work. Long loose sleeves, ornamented at bottom to correspond. The spenser worn with this dress is of bright rose-coloured *gros de Naples*, the waist of which is moderately long; the back has a little fulness, and is finished by a short jacket, rounded at the hips. The collar is not so high as those we have lately seen, but stands up round the throat; the sleeve is of an easy width, and is finished at the bottom by a fulness of the same material, intersected by white silk cord; and the half sleeve is also full, the fulness being confined by points of pink *gros de Naples*, edged with white silk cord. Head-dress, a bonnet of white *gros de Naples*, with higher crown than has lately been worn, and of a peculiarly novel shape, for which we refer to our print: the brim is of a moderate size, and is finished at the edge with a full fall of blond and a *rouleau* of white satin, above which, and at some distance from each other, are two *rouleaux* to correspond. A full plume of white ostrich feathers, which droop on each side, is placed in front of the crown, and a rich riband ties the bonnet under the chin. Limeric gloves, and black kid shoes.

EVENING DRESS.

A ROUND dress, composed of white *gros de Naples*: the skirt is moderately full, and is trimmed at the bottom with three

flounces of blond lace, each of which is headed by three *rouleaux* of white satin; the flounces are formed into festoons by bouquets of roses, mixed with wild flowers; and as the flounces and *rouleaux* are placed very close to each other, the trimming is consequently not unbecomingly high. The *corsage* is cut low and square at the bosom, is moderately long in the waist, and tight to the shape; a trimming of puffed blond goes round the bust. The sleeve is of plain blond over white *gros de Naples*, and is very short, full at the shoulder, but drawn tight to the arm at bottom, and is terminated by a narrow fall of blond lace. The front hair is dressed in ringlets, which cluster very thick on each side of the face, and are so disposed as partially to display the forehead; the hind hair is partly disposed in bows and partly in plaits, which are brought very high on the crown of the head. A bouquet of mingled white and red roses ornaments the hair. Ear-rings, necklace, and bracelets, a mixture of dead gold and pearl. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves. We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint, maker of the *Corset à la Grecque*, of No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, for both these dresses.

By our accounts from the different watering places, which at this moment are filled with the fair leaders of the modes, we find that white dresses are still in the most general estimation for the promenade; they are worn with either spencers or pelisses: we have given one of the most fashionable of the former in our print, and we shall endeavour to describe one of the most tasteful that has recently appeared among the latter.

It is composed of rich corded silk of a deep violet colour; the skirt is less goared than usual, is rather full, and the fulness hangs in easy folds round the figure; the body is more than the common length; the back, broad at top, but tapering down at each side, forms the shape to great advantage; the collar is high, and stands out from the throat; the sleeve is much wider than we have latterly observed, and falls very far over the head. The trimming has a very novel and striking effect; it is composed of alternate puffs of white and purple satin, the edge of each being finished by a byas band of satin; this trimming goes entirely round the pelisse, and also ornaments the collar and cuffs, but is narrower than in



the fronts and bottom of the pelisse. We should observe, that these puffs are laid on in a byas direction. The half-sleeve does not correspond, but consists of a drapery of purple satin, which hangs in a single point over a fulness of white satin; the point of the drapery is fastened in the middle of this fulness by a small rosette. The lining of the pelisse is white sarsenet. We need not say that it is adapted only for carriage dress, or for that style of promenade dress which is considered equally elegant.

Bonnets have changed very little, except that transparent ones are no longer in favour; and that those made in silk are the most fashionable. Feathers are in greater request than they were last month, but flowers are still in estimation. We observe that the brims of bonnets are still profusely trimmed, but they offer little variety to the eye of a curious inspector of the changes in head-dresses, as a deep fall of fine lace, surmounted either by a full quilling or puffing of net, or else a plain or twisted *rouleau* of satin, is universally adopted.

Small white satin hats, of the same shape as those worn by gentlemen, begin to be seen in carriage-dress; they are ornamented with a good many feathers, which are either of the colour of the hat, or else of that of the spenser or pelisse. Low plumes of down feathers are more general than ostrich.

Morning dress is still composed entirely of muslin; robes and round dresses seem equally in favour; but there is no settled standard for trimmings, some dresses being extremely high, and others very moderately; flounces with work between are considered very fashionable, as are muslin *bouillonne*, or two or three rows of puffs, composed of soft muslin, let in very full, according to the fancy of the wearer.

Silk is more predominant than muslin in dinner or full dress; corded silk and levantine are fashionable, but *gros de Naples* is more so than either. Blond lace and satin, artificial flowers and wreaths, and other ornaments formed of riband, are now most used for trimmings. Transparent gauze, which we now manufacture quite as well as our neighbours the French, is also in considerable estimation: we have observed it used with flowers to decorate dresses in a manner which though not very novel, is certainly uncommonly tasteful; we mean, very broad flounces disposed in those deep hollow plaits which the French call *wolves' mouths*, with small *bouquets* of flowers

placed in each, which being partially seen through the silky and transparent gauze, have an uncommonly beautiful effect.

Small hats are coming into favour in full dress, but only partially so, the hair being in general ornamented with feathers or flowers: it is, however, highly probable that hats and *toques* will be very prevalent towards the end of the month. We have seen one or two of a becoming shape, and ornamented in a singularly novel and pretty style with Padua feathers; the brim of the hat was a small soft roll, which turned up all round; the crown was low, and almost concealed by the feathers which were placed irregularly round it, and which waving in different directions, had a whimsical but graceful effect. Fashionable colours are bright rose-colour, dead green, purple, ponceau, citron-colour, and very dark slate-colour.

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#### CABINET DES MODES DE PARIS.

WHEN I had last occasion to speak of the matinal garb of a Parisian *belle*, I was forced to confess that, with the exception of the head-dress, it was unbecoming enough; since that time, however, it has much improved; the short wrapper and petticoat have given way to an easy dishabille, composed of *percale*, either white or coloured, of which there are two sorts fashionable, those that have a white ground and a coloured chequer, stripe, or spot, and those that are entirely coloured; the first, however, are most generally adopted in dishabille, the latter being worn indiscriminately for undress and half-dress.

The morning dress is a round gown, made long enough in the skirt to satisfy the most scrupulous delicacy, since it almost conceals even the foot; this circumstance is equally advantageous to those ladies who have pretty feet and ancles, and to those who have not; the latter by the assistance of their dress hide the defect, and the former contrive with much adroitness, and in a manner apparently free from design, to let you see that nature has bestowed upon this charm, although they choose partially to conceal it. The skirt is moderately wide, and, where the figure is extremely well formed, rather tight round the waist; the bottom is trimmed with flounces, which are always of the same material, but disposed

in various ways; some are put plain across, others in waves: in some instances, puffs of nearly a quarter of a yard in length are let in lengthwise in a byas direction, and trimmed round with a narrow flounce, which is corded at the edge to make it stand out. The *corsage* is long in the waist; the back may be either full or plain, and the wearer takes care it shall be whichever suits her shape the best; in like manner it may be made with a high standing collar entirely to conceal the throat, or else with one that falls like a pelerine, and which being partially open in front, exposes not only the throat but a little of the bust. The sleeve is long, moderately wide, and has generally one or two falls of narrow trimming at the wrist; and if the lady's arm happen to be meagre, she preserves an appearance of symmetry by a very full half sleeve, which reaches nearly half way to the elbow.

If the dress is of perkale, the trimming is of work which is not sparingly used; a broad letting-in of open work being generally placed between flounces, of which there are always two and sometimes three, of rich embroidery. The body and sleeves also frequently consist entirely of work; and in many instances, a double fall of rich work forms a kind of pelerine, which goes round the back and shoulders, and descends on each side of the bust, till it ends in a point below the waist.

All this trimming has a rich appearance, but then, as an impartial reporter of modes, I must add, it has a very heavy one also; it has, however, one good effect, it gives employment to a number of industrious females; and such I am persuaded is the philanthropy of my fair countrywomen, that this circumstance must plead in its favour, even with those among them who are adverse to French fashions.

We must observe that gowns made and trimmed in this manner, are as frequently worn in half-dress as in dishabille; the *cornette*, in the latter case, is similar to those described in our number for August, but in the former, it is decorated with flowers: those most in favour are Provence roses, daisies, violets, pinks, and the little modest flower, called "Forget me not."

Gauze, *tulle*, and white satin, are still in favour for dress parties, as are likewise all the different sorts of *gros de Naples*. As there is some variety in the trimmings of dress gowns, I



shall endeavour to give my fair readers an account of those that are most fashionable.

The first is a trimming composed of *tulle*, which is so disposed, that it is laid on the dress in the form of a little row of fans, the broad part being turned upwards; there are generally two rows, one placed at some distance above the other; the *tulle* is mixed with satin, which is white if the dress be coloured; but if it be white, then the satin is coloured. This is a sort of trimming which will not shine in description, but it has in reality a pretty and novel appearance.

Mosaic riband disposed in waves among a fulness of *tulle*, forms another sort of trimming; the *tulle* is laid on very broad, and there are generally two rows of waves: this trimming is finished at each edge with puffs either of white satin or mosaic riband.

The best and most novel style of decorating the bottoms of dresses consists of flounces, disposed in the form of crescents, which are placed perpendicularly, and close to each other; the flounces are either gauze, blond, or *tulle*; the band upon which they are tacked to form their shape, is always of satin, and it may either be white or else the colour of the dress.

*Élégantés* of rank do not now appear so generally *en chevaux* in full dress as they did two months ago; but those ladies who do, decorate their hair in general with feathers and ornaments. *Toques* and dress hats are very much in favour; they are always adorned with feathers, either a large plume placed on one side, and a brilliant ornament at the base, or else low plumes of down or Padua feathers placed irregularly round the crown of the hat, intermixed sometimes with diamond stars, at others with ears of wheat formed of dead gold.

Flowers are not much seen in full dress, except upon very youthful *belles*, who wear a wreath of some modest-looking flowers, or a simple sprig of roses, to decorate their tresses. Nothing can exceed the simplicity with which youthful beauty is adorned in France. I shall speak more of that in my next paper, for at present I have got to the verge of the limits assigned me, and can only add, that fashionable colours are *ponceau*, Provence, rose-colour, purple, dark green, and Indian pink.

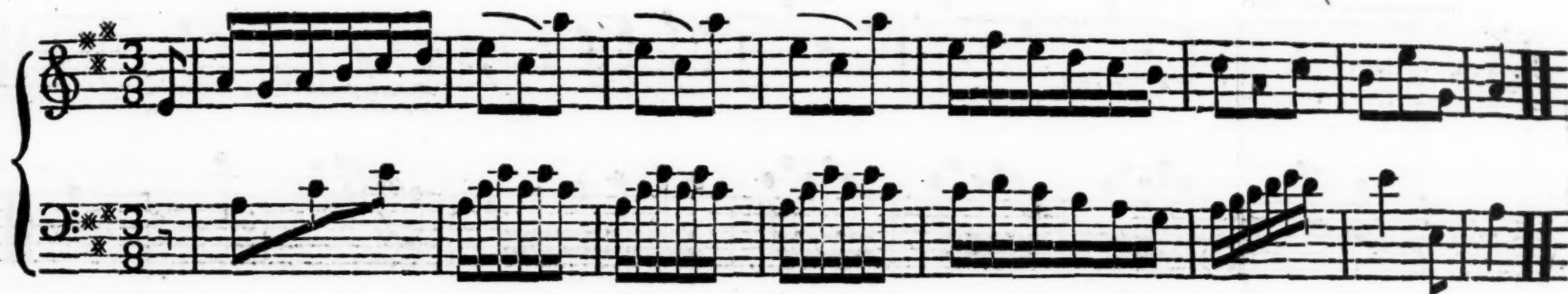




# ***NON MI RICORDO!***

A FAVOURITE WALTZ,  
**FOR THE HARP OR PIANO-FORTE.**

By **W. H. Plumstead.**









THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.



## POETICAL ESSAY.

TO PROVE BY ARGUMENT AND EXAMPLE WHETHER THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN ON SOCIETY HAS BEEN MOST INJURIOUS OR MOST BENEFICIAL TO ITS INTERESTS.



## INVOCATION.

On you, ye soft and 'witching thoughts that twine  
Around the youthful and the loving heart  
Of opening manhood!  
You, ye bright sun-beams of existence' morn!  
Ye hopes, scarce formed, ideal, yet intense,  
That swell the bosom with unlooked-for joy,  
When first we pause in opening life's career  
To gaze on beauty and to feed our hearts  
With new-born thoughts and musings—  
I eager call to aid me in my song,  
Give to my timid Muse unwonted fire!  
My theme is WOMAN, make the lay, like them,  
Soft and harmonious, but resistless too.



To trace the mind and moods of wondrous man,  
Explain each motive—every feeling scan;  
For this has wisdom, o'er the midnight oil,  
Ages consumed in philosophic toil,  
From David's son and Athen's martyr'd sage\*,  
(Who saw the glories of a future age,  
But dimly saw through *Reason's* flattering ray,  
Yet could anticipate the coming day

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\* Socrates.

When truth, religion, virtue, should on earth  
Be usher'd with the promis'd Shiloh's birth)  
To those whose learning o'er the modern time,  
Has spread a glory, radiant as sublime.

Wise was the study, nobly spent the hours,  
For where's a theme like *mind's* seraphic powers?  
Yet 'twas confined—creation's half was past,  
Its fairer half, or scornful o'er it cast  
The cynic sneer, or ribald lie of wit,  
As if our natures were not closely knit  
In equal bonds—as God had not design'd  
A share of Heaven for gentle womankind!

Faith of my fathers! it was thine to raise  
The sex all creeds had studied to debase,  
'Twas thine the pupil of Stagyra's\* son,  
The Hebrew Rabbi, roaming savage one,  
To teach how much man's pleasure must depend  
On beauteous woman as a cherish'd friend;  
To show that Heaven in equal light survey'd  
The manly warrior and the timid maid!

But to my theme! Let us resolve the doubts  
That sophists conjure, but that reason scouts.  
"Is Woman's influence baneful to the mind—  
To man—society—and human kind?  
Or rather forms it not the grace of life,  
The charm of friendship and the balm of strife?"

Ask ye the question. Is yon orb of day  
That warms and nourishes with genial ray  
The teeming air and earth, and gladdens man  
With light and beauty, given but as a ban—  
A chastening ill—a daily beaming woe?  
Is health a pestilence, or is truth a foe?  
Sooner shall man discard the solar light  
And ask his Maker for Cimmerian night;  
Court ills on ills, deem pale disease a bliss,  
And truth a phantom, than assent to this.

\* Aristotle, surnamed the Stagyrice.

The potent sun may sickness spread around,  
With buxom health o'erweening pride be found,  
So woman's sway at times may be abused;  
The kindest boons of nature are misused;  
But to our thoughts—our feelings—I appeal,  
Each day's experience, what we hourly feel,  
To bear me witness that their 'witching power—  
Their spell-like influence, as the balmy shower,  
Or dewy eve to Afric's burning plains,  
Sends man new vigour, freshens and sustains,  
Soothes in the hour of sickness, softens care,  
And gives to pleasure hues more bright—more fair.

The cold Misogynist, from what we *know*,  
Turns with a sneer, and bids experience show  
The baleful ills from woman's power have sprung;  
And quotes what Moses wrote and Homer sung,  
Like Polydori\*, curses all the race,  
And spouts his rhetoric on Eve's disgrace!  
At Helen's beauty, and at Illium's fall,  
With ceaseless clamour and unending drawl,  
Raves idly. Whence does this arise?  
Why does he Heaven's benignest gift despise?  
*He* has no soul her gentle wiles can soothe,  
What are to him or innocence or youth!  
A cold philosophy, or sceptic creed  
Has seared his bosom, and those feelings freed,  
Or it may be his youthful heart was crushed  
By woman's scorn; the hopes his boyhood flushed  
Are wither'd now, yet left the undying pain,  
And scorched the cheek no tear may wash again.  
This I can pity, for, like him, in youth  
I stak'd my happiness on Bella's truth;  
Like him I found—(but to her memory still  
I cannot turn with aught of evil will)  
I, though I found a truant faith and heart,  
Blame not the *whole* for follies of a *part*.

As child, as mother, mistress, friend, or wife,  
Woman's the balm and medicine of life;  
She soothes the passions, nerves the patriot's arm,  
And adds to wisdom many a graceful charm;

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\* In Otway's "Orphan."

'Tis her's to spread o'er charity a wile,  
Makes e'en misfortune wear a pleasing smile!  
"Ask history." Yes, we'll ope the historic page,  
And scan their actions on from age to age.  
Bright there they're blazon'd, yet their loveliest hue  
With timid beauty shuns the public view:  
Beyond the precincts of domestic home,  
Their holiest efforts never seek to roam.

Their boundless love as *children* see pourtray'd  
In Grecia's daughter, and the Roman maid;  
Euphrasia braved a brutal tyrant's rage;  
The Latian matron nurs'd a parent's age,  
Fed from the fount of life her hoary sire,  
And fanned the flame that struggled to expire;  
Two generations hung upon her breast;  
Life's spring and winter were in turns its guest.

'Mong all the ties that twine the heart around,  
Can there a holier, purer bond be found  
Than that which knits the mother to the child?  
Maternal love! though, from the breast exiled,  
All other virtues may have wing'd their way,  
Still *thou* remainst; thy flame defies decay.  
Though life's dim taper hover round the tomb,  
Thy cheering light awhile dispels the gloom,  
Smooths the rough path, and points the way to Heaven,  
Through the bright hopes to man by mercy given.

See where the mother kneeling o'er the son,  
Renews the task by infancy begun,  
Nurses again the life at first she gave,  
And struggling shields him from an early grave.  
Well might, indeed, the Hebrew bard enquire,  
"Can the fond mother e'er permit the fire  
Of filial love to smother or expire?"

Cornelia, parent of the Gracchian pair,  
With wisdom priz'd them more than all the glare  
Of glittering jewels; they were each a gem,  
The blooming scion of a noble stem.

'Tis to our mothers' lessons, conned in youth,  
While the young bosom is the fane of truth,



Ere yet ambition, avarice, or power,  
 Has coined our feelings for the varying hour,  
 Or taught the face to wear a pliant guise,  
 And masquerade the bosom in the eyes.  
 'Tis to these lessons gently on the mind,  
 Like twilight dews and balmy summer wind  
 On the green earth with softness spreading o'er,  
 We owe the thoughts that lie at the heart's core,  
 And all the gentler charities that bind  
 The human heart in love to humankind.  
 She, on whose breast in infancy we've hung,  
 She, who to lisp first fram'd our infant tongue,  
 In after life still guides with matron sway;  
 Her memory beams a watch-light on our way.  
 Religion seen through her is deck'd in smiles,  
 For with it twine the witchery and wiles  
 Of infant love. Peculiar her's the power  
 To cherish hope, howe'er the tempest lour.  
 Byzantium's monarch,\* when he owned his God,  
 But followed where his mother† first had trod;  
 The holy Augustine the faith embrac'd,  
 The joys of which his mother taught to taste;  
 And sainted Jerome\* well employ'd the page  
 That gave the labours of his pious age,  
 (A noble homage!) to the sex who claim  
 As *one* among them Mary's virgin name.

"Devotion! yes, it suits their silly parts,  
 To banish truth from young and glowing hearts;  
 To bid Religion aid them in the reign  
 They long to lengthen—but they long in vain.  
 Where is the noble deed they e'er inspir'd?  
 Where is the patriot bosom e'er they fir'd?"

Thus asks the scoffer:—this the answer given—  
 When hath the patriot for his country striven—  
 When hath the martyr brav'd the burning pile—  
 His soul uncheer'd by woman's radiant smile?

Volumnia's pleading sheathed the Volscian brand,  
 That Marcus rais'd with parricidal hand;

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\* Constantine.

† Paleria.

‡ St. Jerome dedicated his works to women.

She spread love's shield before the conqueror's ire,  
 And saw his hate before his love expire.  
 Lucretia's wrong gave nerve to Brutus' arm;  
 Virginia's death dissolv'd the tyrant charm  
 That bade the free-born sons of Rome obey  
 The despot mandate of Patrician sway.  
 At Cannae's field where Carthage' victor son  
 The palm of triumph for his legions won,  
 Rome's patriot daughters to the senate bore  
 Their hoarded gems, a bright and costly store,  
 And at the altar of their country's weal,  
 Gave proof in peril how the sex can feel.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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### LINES,

IN IMITATION OF LORD BYRON, IN DON JUAN.

STOP, stranger! stop, this mournful, hallowed stone,  
 Claims one soft, pitying tear, one inward groan.  
 'Tis not the warrior that sleepeth here—  
 'Tis not the virgin blooming on her bier—  
 But 'tis a greyhound swift, who out of breath,  
 By running hard a victim fell to death!  
 This stone, O stranger! shews how death, that hag,  
 Pursued him, like as he pursued the stag. P. BULL.

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### NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Passions, a tale—Lines from Ventas—A French Husband—Communications of Prior—Lines by Rouge Leon—Lines to E. H. by C. P.—r.—A Dirge, by R. H.—and an Essay on Satire, by J. B. D. are received.

In answer to William, we make him no other reply than—"Go on and prosper;" we shall be happy to hear from him again.

"Augustus" is under consideration, and the suggestions of "Aurelia," shall be attended to.

We have been obliged to omit several pieces we intended inserting, but they shall appear as soon as possible.

LL.

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Dirge,

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*Painted by Miss Rose Emma Drummond*

*Engraved by Woolrich*

*M<sup>rs</sup> Matilda Horn*

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